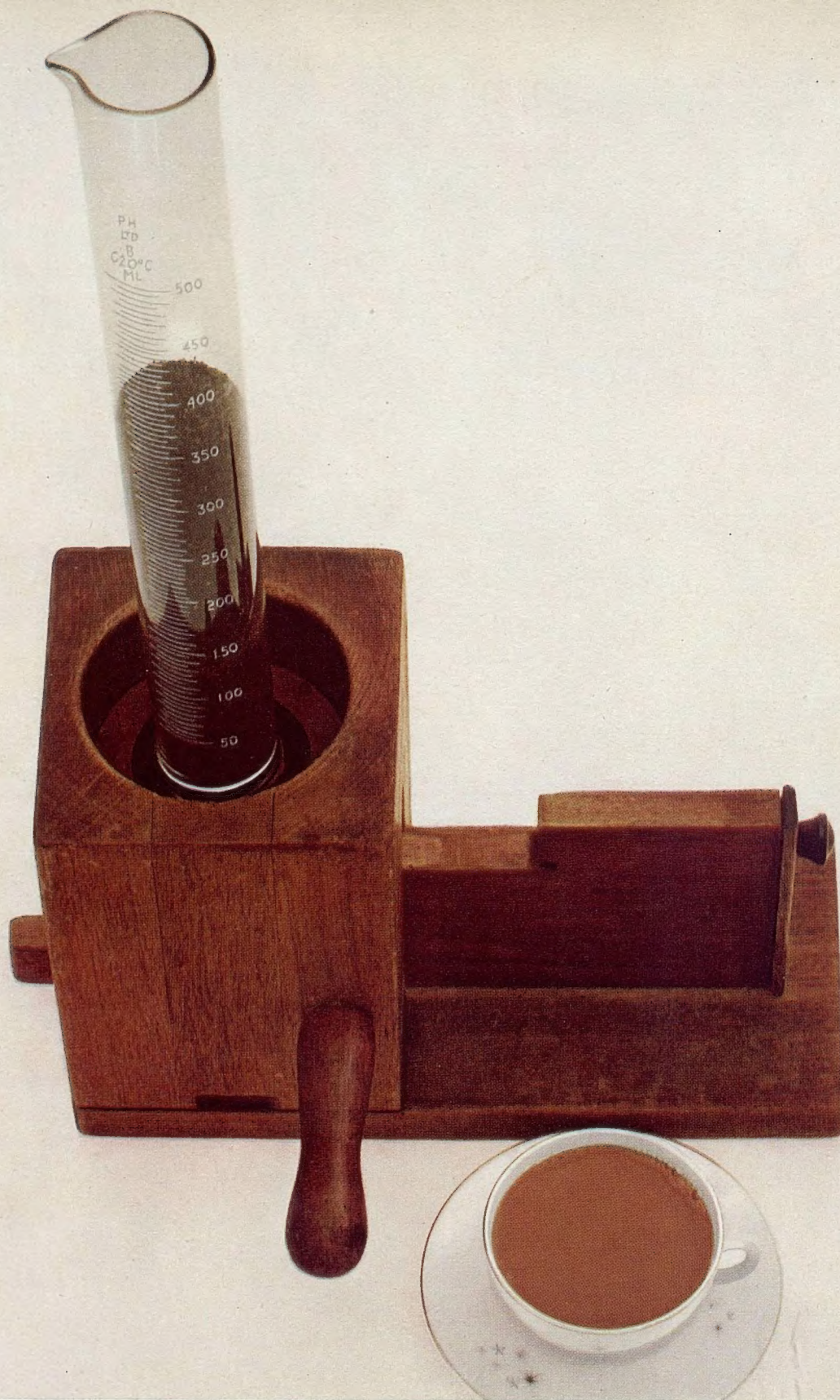


THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 31 Jan. 1962





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31 JANUARY, 1962

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The ski trek is on to evocative places like Davos, St. Moritz, Gstaad and Klosters. The Tatler follows the snow trail with a multi-page winter sports picture report (page 241 onwards) and fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson has chosen a whole range of après-ski clothes (see 'Time-Off '62 on page 263). The cover girl is dressed for snow in a mauve and white heavyknit sweater with ribbed-knit sleeves and white stitching at welt and neck, teamed with a visor hood rib-knitted in mauve with white pom-pom. Both by Jaeger, 12½ gns. & 3½ gns. at Regent St. only. Picture: Vernon Stratton

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Hunt Balls: Royal Agricultural College Beagles, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, 9 February; **Garth,** Skindle's Hotel, Maidenhead, 23 February. (Tickets, £2 15s., inc. buffet supper & breakfast, from Mr. G. Snowden, Martin's Heron, Bracknell, Berks.)

The Queen will attend a gala preview of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at Her Majesty's Theatre in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for Actors & Actresses, 7 February. (WH 6606.)

Challoner Club cocktail party, Challoner Club, 7 February. (Particulars from Squadron Leader Young James, WES 3117.)

Pineapple Ball, Grosvenor House, 8 February. (Tickets, £2 10s., inc. dinner, from Hon. Organizing Sec., Long Meadow, Princes Drive, Oxshott. 8.30 a.m.-2 p.m.)

Ladybird Ball, Savoy, 14 February, in aid of the Pestalozzi Children's Village in Britain. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from the Organizer, 29 Lissenden Mans, Lissenden Gdns., N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Point-to-points: West Norfolk Hunt, Lexham; **Bullingdon Club,** Crowell, Oxon, 10 February. **Cambridgeshire Harriers,** Cottenham; **United Services,** Larkhill, 17 February.

WINTER SPORTS

Ladies' International Figure

Skating, Davos, 3, 4 February; **Grand Prix Horse Race** on snow, St. Moritz, 4 February; **Children's Ski Day** for the Mary Churchill Cup, Lenzerheide, 6 February; **Cresta Ball,** Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 10 February; **World Championships** (Alpine), Chamonix, 10-18 February; **Parsenn Derby,** Davos Ski Club, 11 February; **International Ski Jumping** for the Montgomery Cup, Gstaad, 11 February; **Basil Mitchell Beginners' Race,** Grindelwald, 15 February; **Gala Carnival,** Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, 17 February; **Piz Nair Gold Trophy & Giant Slalom,** St. Moritz, 18 February; **Atalanta Cup Giant Slalom** for British schoolgirls, Gstaad, 20 February; **Jubilee Celebrations,** "30 Years of Wengen Ski School," Wengen, 24 February; **Diner de l'Elegance,** Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with fashion show by Jacques Heim, 24 February; **Ski-School Celebrations,** Murren, 24, 25 February; **International Eagle Derby,** downhill race from Wasserngrat, for Eagle Club guests, 25 February; **Gornergrat Derby,** Zermatt, 16-18 March; **Scottish Kandahar,** Glencoe, 15 April.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Wincanton, 1; Windsor, 2, 3; Doncaster, Sedgefield, Stratford-on-Avon, 3; Nottingham, 5, 6; Haydock Park, 7, 8; Sandown Park, 9, 10; Newcastle, Warwick, 10; Plumpton, 12; Leicester, 12, 13; Newbury, 14, 15 February.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Sylphides, Persephone, Diversions,* tonight; *Le Baiser De La Fée, Scènes De Ballet, The Firebird,* 1, 13 February; *Le Lac Des Cygnes,* 6, 8, 10 February, 7.30 p.m. *Matinée, Le Lac Des Cygnes,* 2.15 p.m., 10 February. (COV 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Don Carlos* (last perf.), 7 p.m., 2 February; *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* 3, 7 February; *Madama Butterfly,* 5 February; *Don Giovanni* (first



Imelda Blake

Peter Brent, thriller-writer and playwright, has his first major work published by Faber & Faber next week. Mr. Brent's novel *Exit* describes a successful business man's wanderings through Europe in search of his identity. Born in Germany and brought up on a farm in Wales, the writer has worked as a lift boy, a teacher, in a zoo kitchen. At 30 he has several TV plays behind him, had the first produced 10 years ago.

perf.), 9 February. All 7.30 p.m. **Royal Festival Hall.** London Mozart Players with Lili Kraus (piano), 8 p.m. tonight; London Choral Society with Philomusica of London in *Messiah*, 6 p.m., 3 February; Iturbi (piano), 3 p.m., 4 February; Artur Rubinstein (piano) with Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 5 February. (WAT 3191.)

Hintlesham Festival, Winter Season. Ballet concert, produced by Keith Beckett, 2, 3 February, 7 p.m.; 4 February, 3 p.m. (Tel.: Hintlesham, nr. Ipswich, 322.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Princes Theatre. *The Big Killing*, 1 February.

Cambridge Theatre. *Signpost To Murder*, 9 February.

Arts Theatre. *Twists*, 12 February.

EXHIBITIONS & SHOWS

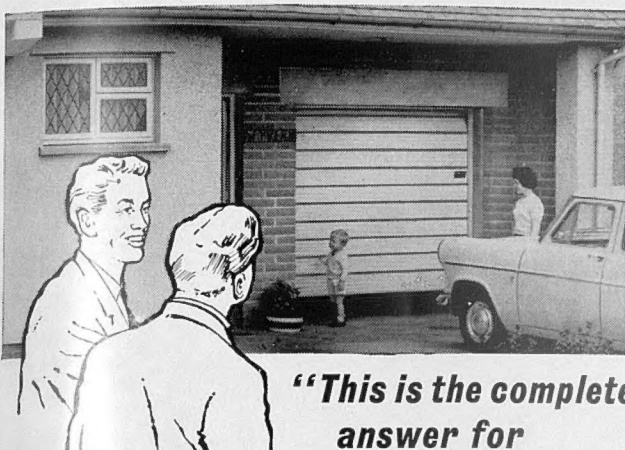
Craft's Dog Show, Olympia, 9, 10 February.

Postage Stamps of Queen Elizabeth, 1952-62. British Museum. 6 February to end of March.

Furniture Exhibition, Earls Court, to 10 February.

BRIGGS by Graham

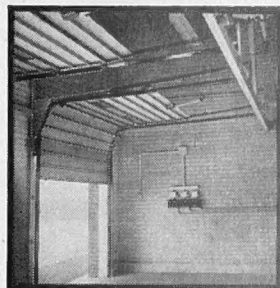




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Right: Garage interior showing typical power operated Glydover installation.



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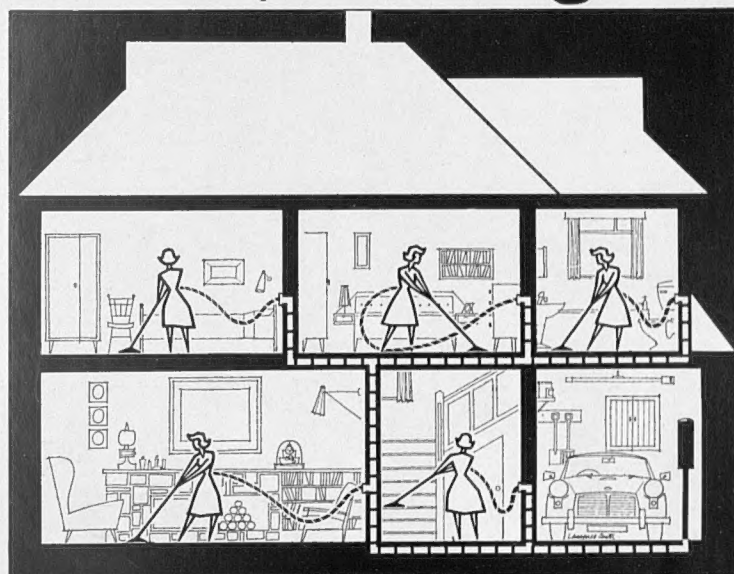
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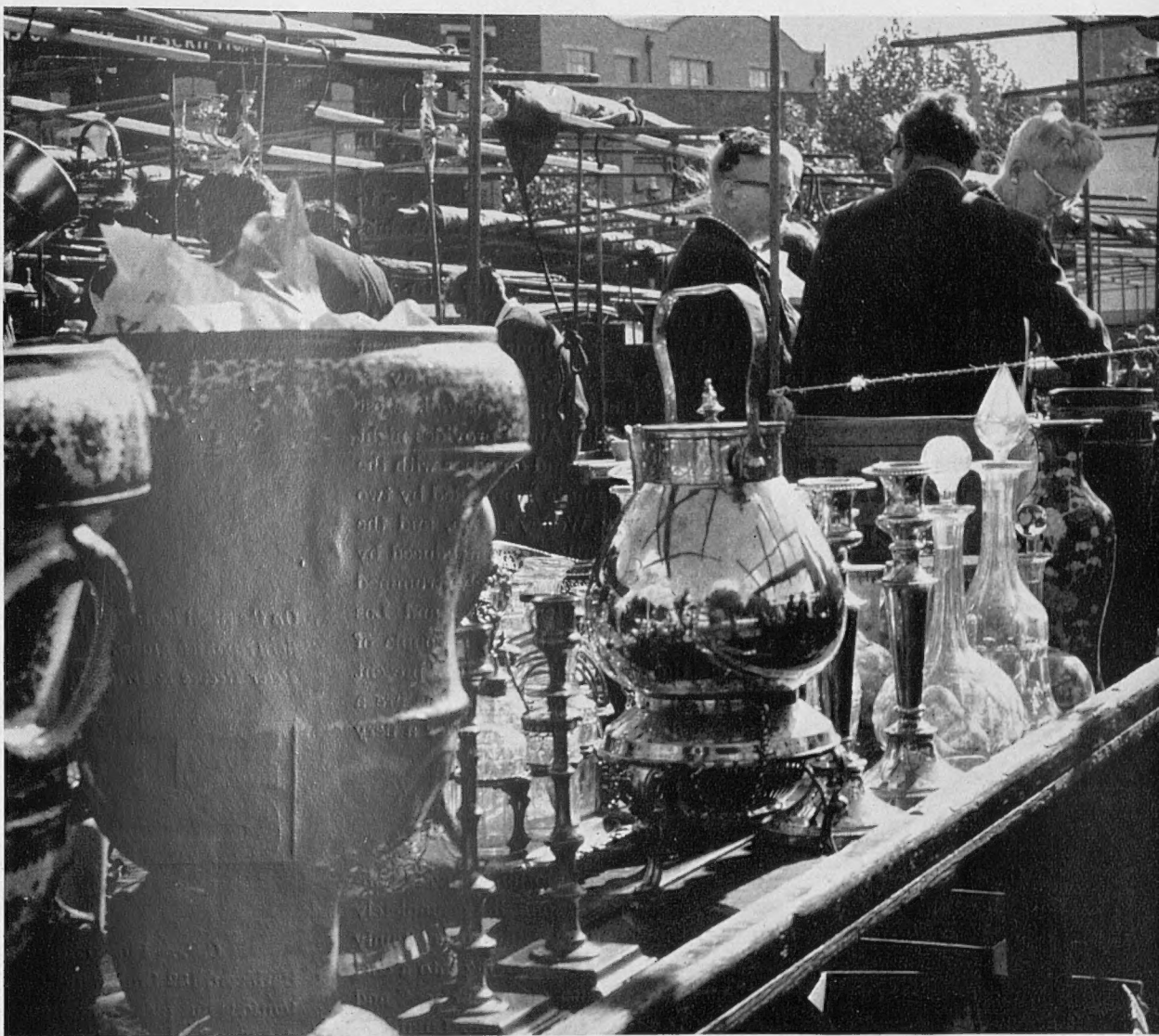
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GOING PLACES IN PICTURES



Henry Grant

Geraldine Chaplin, 16-year-old daughter of Charlie Chaplin, is now a student at the Royal Ballet School in London. She began her ballet training at Alice Vronska's Academy of Classical Dance in Lausanne—near the Chaplin home by the shores of Lake Geneva—where she is seen practising

On a Saturday morning one of London's street markets can offer a fascinating hour or two. Here, the Caledonian Market—itsself a misnomer since after the blitz it was re-sited near London Bridge. Stallholders come from all over town, many have antique shops as well. Here they pick up objects that may appear again in S.W.1 or N.1. Get there early if you want to beat the professional





Iain Crawford

Not so expensive . . .

THERE COULD HARDLY BE ANYTHING MORE UNUSUAL THAN A NIGHTCLUB in the heart of Mayfair which charges less for drinks than a pub. Even the most parsimonious of us accept with a fairly good grace the fact that the price of drinks at nightspots is loaded; sometimes it's just an extra shilling, sometimes it is double the usual rate, but it is mentally written off as just one of those things—the harassed proprietor has to find some way to pay for all that bright electric light which night clubs are so fond of not using. But strange to say this surcharge does not seem to be really necessary. At one of London's most popular after-dark resorts, **The Blue Angel**, between 6 and 11 p.m. it is actually cheaper to drink than in a pub—and after that near-witching hour drinks come at just pub prices. From 6 to 11 gin is 1s., whisky 1s. 6d. and brandy 2s. After 11 there is an entrance charge of 5s. and pub prices prevail. Most of the 15,000 members are young and **The Blue Angel** provides night life at a price they can afford. The food is good and on a par with the drinks in terms of price reasonableness. The music is provided by two bands, the Don-Claude Quartet and Danny Wesley's Trio, and the cabaret is one of the best in London. Currently it is introduced by Noel Harrison who combines presentation with a few urbanely strummed songs on the guitar. Brian Blackburn and Peter Reeves and Los Valdermosas complete the bill. Blackburn and Reeves, a couple of zany singers and impressionists, are a riot, one of the best acts at present to be seen in the West End after dark, and Los Valdermosas are a wildly Latin blood-stirring guitar and singing group who offer a fiery contrast to Mr. Harrison's cool style.

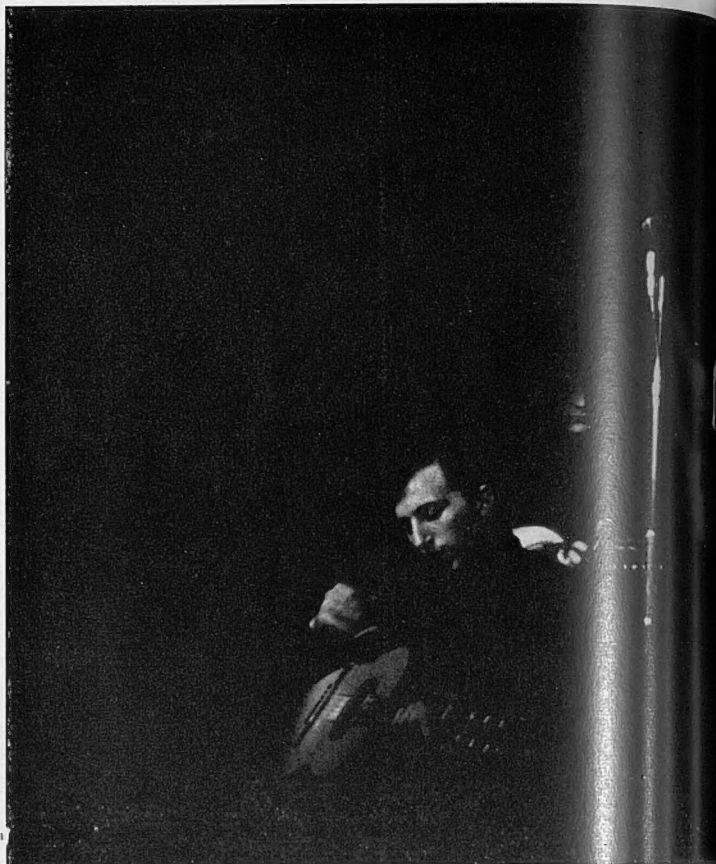
. . . and more so

Across the road in the **May Fair Hotel** there is nothing naïvely pub-like about the prices. The accent is on exoticism, something completely different, and this the basement Beachcomber restaurant certainly provides. The entrance from Berkeley Street is like diving into a cool swimming pool, all green and black and smooth glassy surfaces, and emerging on a tropical island, designed by Erik S. Blakemore. Luxurious plaster flora sprout everywhere, there are real alligators and turtles in the rock pool and a cyclorama which offers all weathers from serene South Sea skies to a most impressive tropical thunderstorm in a matter of minutes. Genuine Oriental handmaidens bring spicy drinks in chunky Polynesian pottery specially made in Wales, and the twangy, dreamy music of the Paradise Islanders floats through the palm fronds for dancing.

Most of the Beachcomber's special drinks are based on rum, which has been for some obscure reason an unfavoured spirit in this country for many years. Why this should be so has always been a mystery to me. As the Beachcomber triumphantly proves, it is the basis of all the best long cool drinks in the world. The drinks come in all kinds of unusual containers. Some are served in whole pineapples, others come in special pottery bowls and jugs. Prices start at 4s. 6d. for the universal martini and go up to 20s. for a Ohinemuto, served in a whole frozen pineapple.

The Beachcomber has a table d'hôte menu for 35s. which includes a wide choice in three Polynesian courses, and there is an excellent hors d'oeuvre called "Polynesian plate" which offers a generous helping of spicy meats and prawns, enough for two people for 19s.

Attached to the collection of South Sea island drink mixtures is a good selection from the hotel's main wine list, but if you are eating highly-seasoned Polynesian or Chinese food, drinking good wine is pointless. A rosé if you must have wine, but fruit juice, beer or one of the rum mixtures goes much better with this kind of food.



On the night beat: Los Valdermosas (above), fiery Spanish group, and (above right) Peter Reeves & Brian Blackburn, all at **The Blue Angel**



John Baker White

Between the lines

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table
Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) C.S. This smallish, untentious but pleasant restaurant is literally 100 yards from the London Air Terminal, and less than 5 minutes walk from Gloucester Road Station. The cooking, with a Polish-Russian background and several specialities, is good, and I have no complaints about the coffee. The restaurant is fully licensed, the staff attentive and courteous.

Canard à la presse

An idea has grown up that you must go to Paris and the Tour d'Argent to eat this splendid dish. That is not so, for my wife and I had it recently in the charming Terrace Room at the Dorchester, and I am sure it would have met with the approval of M. Terrail of the Tour. The *chef de cuisine*, Eugene Kaufeler, chose the ducks, and the manager, Mr. Tony Terroni, made the sauce and supervised the operation of the glistening silver *presse*. We had smoked salmon first and an outstanding soufflé Grand Marnier. All in all, thanks to Miss Marjorie Lee's planning and charming company, an evening to remember.

Other London restaurants ready and willing to serve you *Canard au Sang*, which was the name given to the dish by its creator Le Coq, in charge of the Imperial cuisine of Louis XV are:

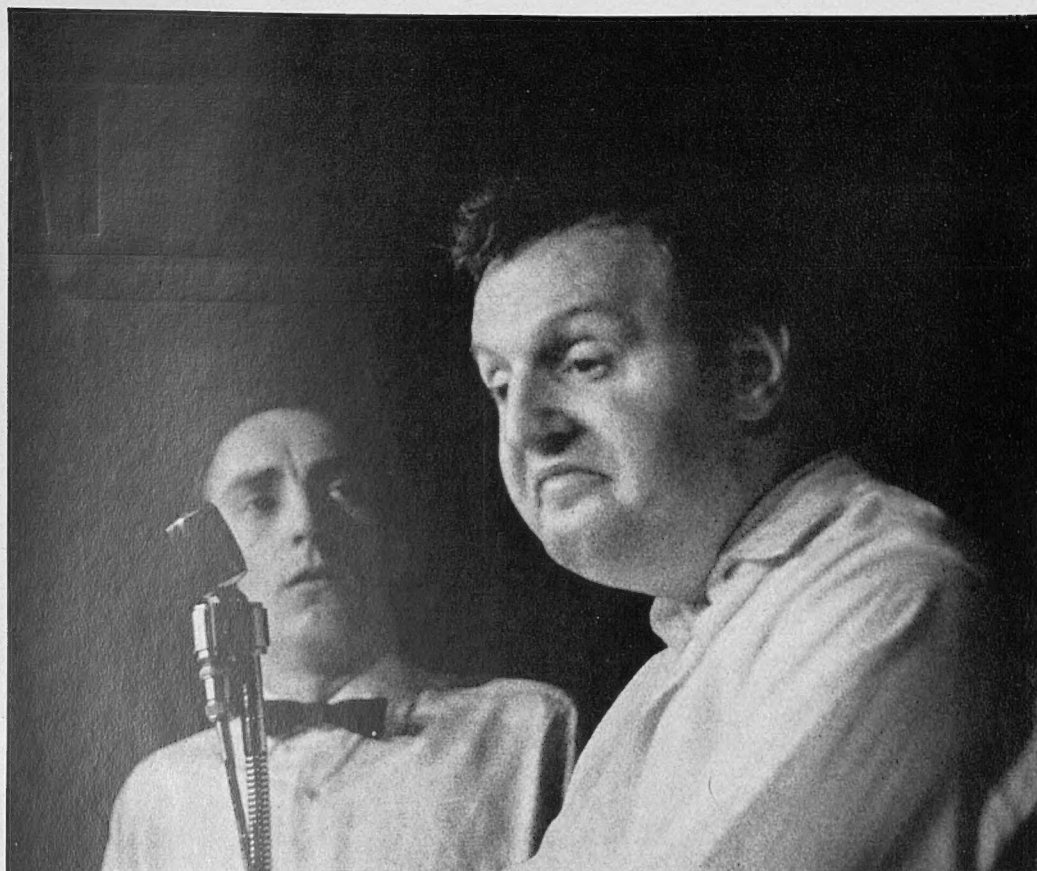
Claridge's; Trocadero; Connaught Hotel; Grosvenor House; The Empress; Ecu de France; Pastoria; and Quaglino's. It is in all cases desirable to give notice that you want the dish, and to avoid disappointment I would suggest 24 hours.

Steak statistics

I was interested to read that Mr. Peter Evans paid £350 for the champion Galloway bullock at the Smithfield Show, to sell in his Eating House at normal prices. He tells me that they used only 35 lb. of "actual



Photographs: Crispian Woodgate



steak" from the animal, which made it a somewhat expensive operation, though worth while from the point of view of proving the excellence of Galloway beef. And, points out Mr. Evans of his eating houses, Galloway is the only beef they do serve.

Wine note

Mr. G. W. Thoman, whose firm is a leading shipper of German wines, reports of the 1961 vintage that after a period of acute anxiety in September the grapes were saved by a final autumn burst of sunshine. He says: "The outlook now is that the wine, though not great in quantity, will be of above average quality. We cannot, of course, expect the fullness and ripeness of the 1959 wines, but it will certainly be better than the 1960s and will reach about the quality of the 1958 vintage. It will be what the wine shippers and wine merchants in this country consider a good and useful vintage."

Spirit note

A spirit tasting is a comparatively rare occasion, but that given at the U.S. Trade Centre by W. A. Gilbey and Grierson, Oldham & Adams, agents, respectively, for Old Grand-Dad Bourbon and Old Crow Bourbon, was great fun. The only trouble was that the presence of so many pretty girls tended to divert my attention from the Old Fashioneds and Showboat cocktails. To make the latter, stir in a mixing glass half-full of ice one measure of Bourbon to two measures of Dubonnet, with a dash or two of angostura bitters. Strain and serve with half a slice of lemon.

... and a reminder

Marcel, 14 Sloane Street. (BEL 4012.) Imaginative French cooking and not too expensive.

Fountain Restaurant, Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. Now open in the evening until 11.30 p.m., Monday to Friday inclusive.

Hertford Hotel, Bayswater. (AMB 4461.) Most comfortable to stay in and good eating in the restaurant for under £1 per head.

The Empress, Berkeley Street. (MAY

6126.) Mario's reconstruction is now complete and the result is sumptuous.

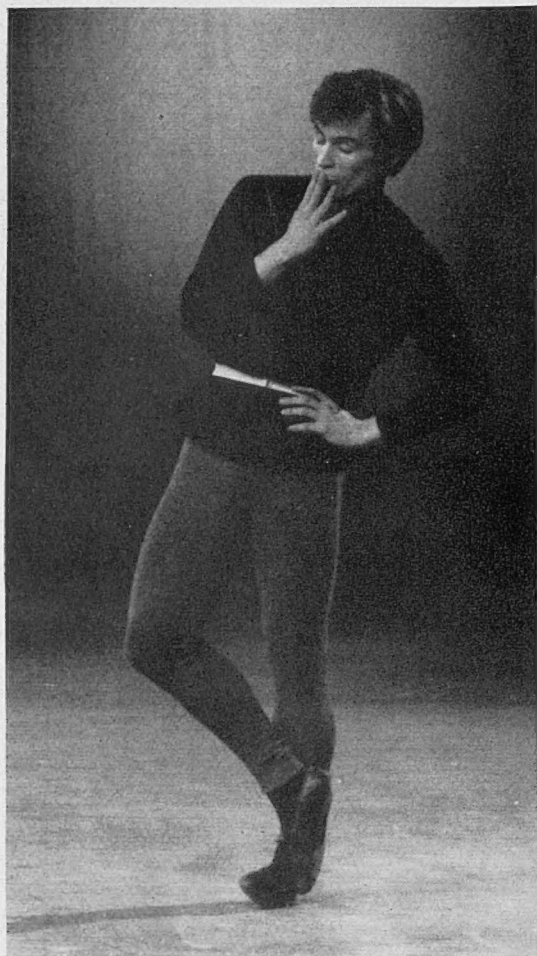
Zia Teresa, 6 Hans Road—the side of Harrods. (KEN 7643.) Good for spaghetti and when you are in a hurry.

Chez Cleo, Harrington Gardens, Gloucester Road. (FRE 4477.) Recently celebrated its 10th anniversary and is as popular as ever.



Preparing canard à la presse at the Dorchester. John Baker White describes the dish and tells where you can get it

PAS DE TROIS



POSE FORMAL: *Rudolf Nureyev thinks about his next move while rehearsing for a recent television appearance. The Russian dancer makes the first of three appearances as a guest artist with the Royal Ballet next month. He will partner Margot Fonteyn in Giselle. Right: Regarded as the world's greatest male dancer, Erik Bruhn will appear on B.B.C. TV in March. His partner, with him here, is Sonia Arova*

Michael Peto



POSE INFORMAL: *A gipsy dancing girl participating in one of the most evocative festivals of the Catholic Church—the pilgrimage to the shrine of the gipsy patron saint Sainte Sara—she was not canonized by the Vatican but was elevated simply by gipsy tradition. Five thousand met this year for the festival at Stes. Maries de la Mer in the Camargue*





Doone Beal

Grecian selections

IT IS NEWS TO NOBODY THAT GREECE, THIS YEAR, IS LIKELY TO ATTRACT more visitors than ever before. Public opinion polls conducted among one's own friends reveal the same thing as the official statistics: eight out of ten people either want to go there or, having already been, to go back. So in view of the competition, it is not a day too soon to make bookings for the Brindisi/Igoumenitsa/Corfu car ferry, especially if you mean to travel in high season. Neither is it too soon to make hotel reservations in the smaller islands, many of which have only one new government-built hotel to supplement what is virtually guest-house accommodation. For anybody visiting Greece for the first time, even without a car, the business of seeing it is simplified by the many cruises now operating either from Venice, through the Adriatic, or direct from Piraeus. The chief classical sights of the mainland are taken care of by the admirably run C.H.A.T. coach tours that leave Athens each morning on two-, three- and five-day trips, with hotels and meals included. Neither is entirely satisfactory, in that inevitably one has made a meal of the hors d'oeuvres, and is left wishing, perhaps, that one had settled instead for a main dish. Still, as a preliminary they will do. A second or third trip to Greece is much more difficult to plan, in a way, than the first one. You know enough to realize just how much more there is to see and enjoy.

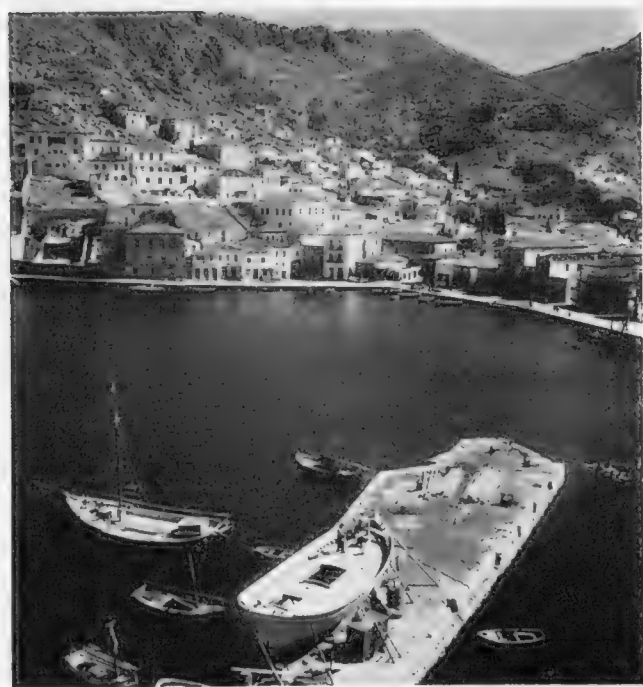
A lot depends on when you go. That most dramatic drive from the port at Igoumenitsa over the mountains via Jannina and Kalambaka (for the Meteora monasteries) to Larisa is visually at its best before the end of June and after September; the heat haze of high summer whitens the sky and dims the perspective. Equally, Athens itself is at its best in late spring and autumn. A thought for July and August, when the city is really too hot to be comfortable, is to stay instead at Vougliameni, a most attractive man-made resort on the coast road to Sunion. Cabañas and a central restaurant line a most lovely strip of beach with glorious swimming, yet one is only 30 minutes' drive away from the city. The islands come into their own in June, and for the most part they hold good until the first week or so of October. Since they run into hundreds, it pays to have a working knowledge of where they are, what they are like and how to get at them.

Corfu and Rhodes are resorts of which so much has already been written and said that I have little more to add except that, for me, Corfu has the edge; it is greener, more lush, more lovely, with better beaches. Rhodes on the other hand has the higher proportion of guaranteed dry sunshine. Both have good hotels, both are linked by direct flight from Athens. Neither, by the way, is typically "Greek." Corfu is Italianate. Rhodes retains a Turkish feeling quite strongly.

Most people's mental image of the Aegean islands is in fact that of the Cyclades. Myconos, Paros and Sifnos are not only the most attractive examples but also the best equipped. All of them have in common a simple, salty whiteness of cube shaped buildings, lots of wind (a constant) and lots of windmills. Myconos is the most sophisticated, with *boîtes de nuit* secreted in the cellars, and every other house sheltering a tiny, chic boutique. Two hotels, the Leta and the new Xenia Paros, appealed to me enormously. One explores it, for the most part, by mule, or takes a caique over to Anti-Paros for more beaches. The shops sell no more than shell necklaces and postcards. Its night life depends on who is in the waterfront cafés that line the harbour. One extremely comfortable hotel is the Xenia (name of all the government-built hotels); the Panorama, just below it, would be second choice. Sifnos, which I have not seen, is judged to be one of the prettiest of the lot.



Islands for June:
Skiathos (above), *Taros*
(left), and *Hydra*
(below)





Photograph: J. Allan Cash

A city for spring: Athens is at its best then

and it too has a new hotel this year. Unhappily, it is not possible to combine these three islands without returning to Piraeus and starting afresh, unless you charter a private caique or get a lift.

A group of islands placed conveniently on a single route are Poros, Hydra and Spetsai, which lies just at the southern tip of the Peloponnese. Of the three, Hydra—a rocky little amphitheatre of a harbour, wonderful rock swimming, cosy café life, no beaches—is by far the most celebrated. Yet friends who spent a week on Spetsai last summer were enchanted by it. Its whole character is different: it is flattish, with good beaches and a large, old fashioned hotel that is very popular with Greek families and their young. A factor that could militate for or against it, all depending.

The Sporades, quite far to the north of Athens, are something one takes rather on chance. You can drive overland from Athens across the Eubaia peninsular, and take a boat from Kimi which calls in at Skiros,

Skopelos and Skiathos in a day. You must either go ashore for 48 hours or content yourself with a five-minute look from the boat deck. Of the three, Skiros—large, butterfly-shaped—is the only one (so far) with a new hotel, and sailing past it I saw some long and lovely beaches.

It is odd that the most languorous island of all should be that farthest north: Thasos, lying quite alone just offshore from Salonika and Kavalla. An advantage is that one can fly to Kavalla, then take the ferry (there is even a rather primitive car ferry, too) across to the island. The beaches are really white, Caribbean-type; the harbour is pretty and lively, the hills covered thickly with olive, pine and chestnut trees. Just behind the harbour is the old acropolis, and inland some charming little towns such as Panagia. But Thasos is by definition a layabout's island, admirably equipped with a new and comfortable hotel. The night flight to Athens: B.E.A. Olympic Airways, £84 10s. Average flights to the islands, around £7 return.

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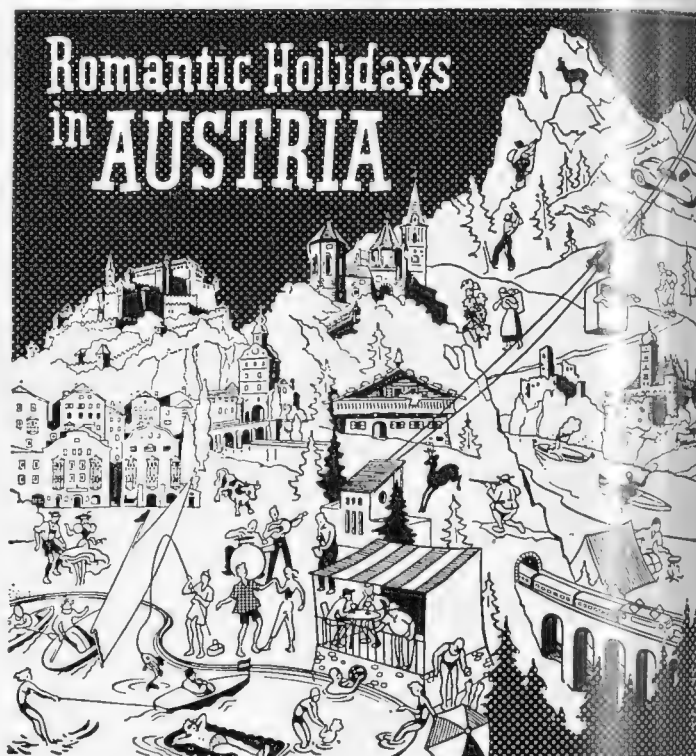
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THE TATLER
31 JANUARY 1962

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ON SKIS AT DAVOS

The sun shone, the snow glistened and the going was crisp and fast for competitors in the British Giant Slalom Championships for the Duke of Kent Cup and the Infante Alfonso (Challenge) Cup at Davos. Racing here is the Slalom winner, the Aga Khan, whose other victories included the Roberts of Kandahar Cup and the Lowlanders' Individual Championship. Desmond O'Neill's report with more pictures begins overleaf

ON SKIS AT DAVOS

The GIANT Slalom

A Dutch skier crashes at the finish of the Slalom. Below, Mr. Michael Collett of the Cambridge University Ski Club, and Miss Penelope Walker



DESMOND O'NEILL writes: British visitors to Davos had left nearly as much snow behind them in England as there was on the lower slopes above the town at the beginning of the British Ski Racing Week. That the downhill and slalom races on the first two days took place at all was due to the ingenuity of the Swiss course-setters and the local Mardens Club who organized the Week. Then a snowstorm put matters right and next morning a large proportion of the British visitors were hard at work stamping out the 1½-mile long course for the lowlanders' championship. Conditions were magnificent and outstanding competitors like the **Aga Khan**, who won three first prizes during the week, **Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson**, former British ski champion, and his brother **Christopher**, the new British champion, **Mr. A. J. Rigby**, **Mr. Richard Salm** and **Mr. R. A. Montgomerie**, the young British team captain, fairly hummed over the downhill course. The final day brought the sun and a crowd of spectators, including **Mr. Paul Grey**, the British Ambassador in Berne and his wife, for the British Giant Slalom Championship and the Duke of Kent Cup event. Said the Ambassador: "I'm here under false pretences, the only time I've worn skis was for sloshing around Moscow." Nearby was **Sir Charles Taylor**, M.P., chairman of the Race Week, with **Lady Taylor**, giving a commentary on the race in which his three sons,

Max, **Alex** and **Johnny**, were competing as a team for the Infante Alfonso Challenge Cup. Under **Sir Charles's** guidance during the past four years, race training for British juniors has progressed by leaps and bounds. Veteran skier 65-year-old **Major Hal Spence**, president of Mardens, who celebrated his 40th birthday by ski-jumping 40 metres, was here, there and everywhere as Captain of Races. His wife, who was a member of our 1936 Olympic Ski Team, set a new fashion for the slopes in her fox-fur jacket. Competitors quickly christened her "The Flying Fox." This was the first time that Davos was host to a British Ski Racing Week and the locals helped magnificently. **Sir Norman Roberts**, who is a director of the White Russian-owned cable railway up to the Jacobshorn peak where the races started, gave free passes to all officials and very much reduced rates to the competitors, as well as decorating every prominent part of the railway with crossed Swiss and British flags.

While all this was going on on one side of the valley, the British and Swiss M.P.s were staging their own annual competition on the other side, choosing a day which unfortunately produced a blinding snowstorm. One almost needed a compass to find the finish of their slalom course, though it was only 100 yards from the famous Parsennhütte. By the time the politicians started their second run down, conditions were better, and **Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing**, **Mrs. John**

Osborn and **Mrs. B. Godman Irvine** ventured out to watch their husbands finish. **Lord Gifford**, who won the individual event, and **Colonel Sir Harwood Harrison** both came purlers after completing the course, but **Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing** whizzed past the crowd with an expression on his face which showed that this wasn't going to happen to him. Two late spectators were confused when skier No. 25 shot past them. "Doesn't look like Aubrey to me," said one, looking at his programme; on checking back to the finish they discovered that **Mrs. Aubrey Jones**, wife of the M.P. for Hall Green, was racing in place of her husband, a concession for which she thanked the competitors at lunch. This was held—after the downhill course had been abandoned and the British declared the winners—at a typical Swiss restaurant at Wolfgang. The Swiss laid on a magnificent meal followed by the prize-giving, when every single person present, competitor or not, received a memento—incribed salvers and whisky flasks for the men, silk scarves for the women. **Sir Arnold Lunn** made a thank-you speech for the visitors, as did **Mr. B. Godman Irvine**, M.P., the British captain. Other competitors were **Lord Forbes**, **Mr. Philip Goodhart**, M.P. for Beckenham, who had come from St. Moritz, **Mr. John Osborn**, M.P., for Hallam (Sheffield), and **Commander the Rev. Lord Sandford** who, because of the late start to racing, had to leave to catch a train home.



Left: *Miss Zara Wolsey and Mrs. Norman Wolsey*

Right: *Baroness de Westenholz and her daughter, Antoinette*

Below left: *Mr. Christopher Palmer-Tomkinson, the new British ski champion.*
Below: *Charles de Westenholz and Mr. R. Montgomerie Charrington.* Below right: *Mr. & Mrs. Peter Barshall—he is chairman of the S.C.G.B. Council*



THE LOWLANDERS' CHAMPIONSHIP



British skiers watch the racing from a restaurant above the course; Major H. R. Spence, Chief of Races, is centre, pointing. Left: Mr. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, former British ski champion

Above right: Sir Charles Taylor, M.P., Chairman of the Race Week, and his son, John

Right: Mr. R. A. Montgomerie, the British ski captain



ON SKIS AT DAVOS *concluded*

The Anglo-Swiss Parliamentary race



Col. Sir Harwood Harrison, M.P. for Eye, finishes in the 7th annual ski race between members of the House of Lords and House of Commons against Swiss Parliamentarians. Below: Mrs. Aubrey Jones, wife of the M.P. for Hall Green, who raced instead of her husband. The British team won





Left: *The Hon. Jonathan Forbes* watching his father, *Lord Forbes*, racing. Right: *Lady Chesham & Mrs. Ian Orr-Ewing*

Photographs: Desmond O'Neill



Below left: *Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing*, Civil Lord of the Admiralty and M.P. for Hendon North. Below: *Mrs. B. Godman Irvine*, wife of the M.P. for Rye, with *Cdr. the Rev. Lord Sandford*



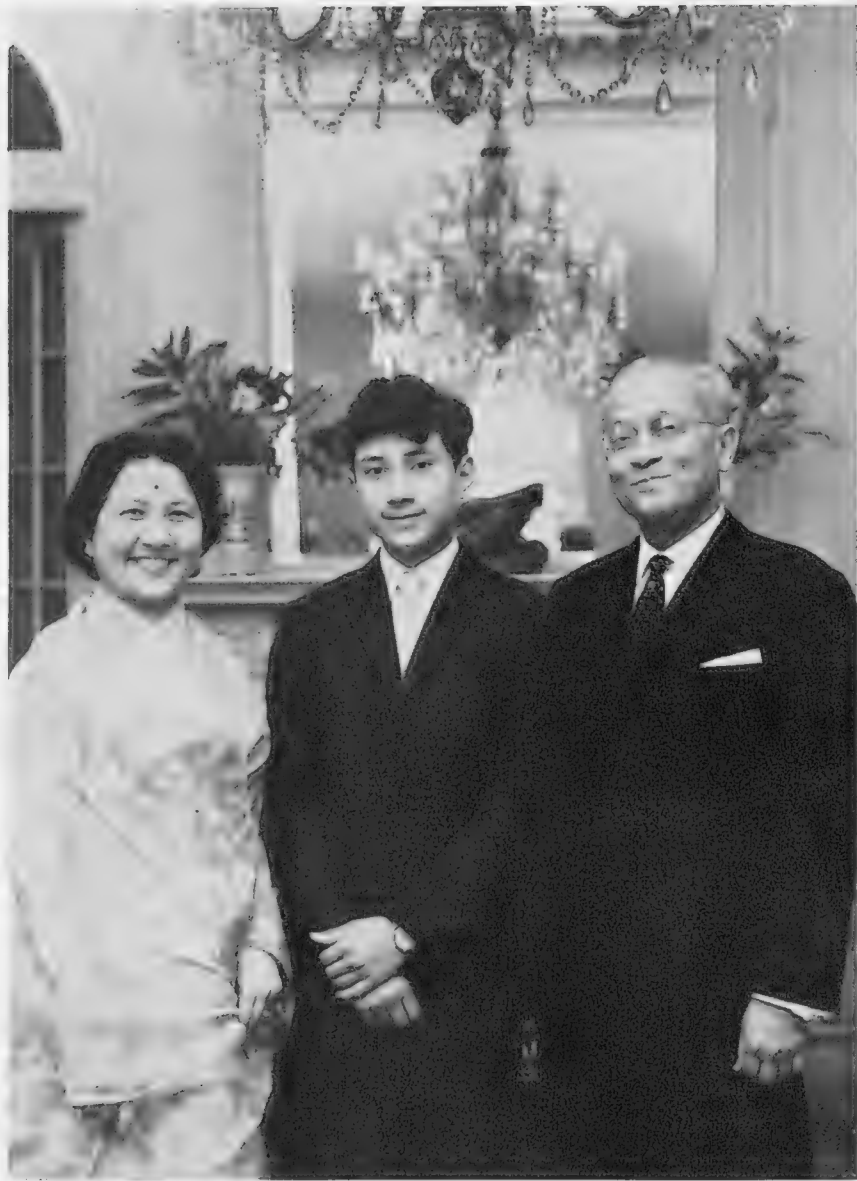
... & two parties in the British Week



At the M.P.s' party: Left: *Mr. & Mrs. J. Osborn*—he is M.P. for *Hallam (Sheffield)*—with *Herr & Frau Rudolf Suter*—he represents *Basle*. Far left: *Mr. B. Godman Irvine* with the Mayor of *Davos*, *Herr Christian Jost*, who welcomed the guests

At the Ski Club party: Below: *Miss Marion Spence*, *Mrs. Paul Grey*, wife of the British Ambassador, and *Lady Roberts*. Below left: *Prince Stcherbatoff* and *Lady (Charles) Roberts*. Below far left: *Miss Elspeth Nicoll*, who broke her leg ski-ing, and *Mr. Michael Slinger*





Left: *The Nepalese Ambassador & his wife, and their youngest son Prem Kumar Upadhyay. Below: Lady (Mortimer) Wheeler & the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong. Below right: Mrs. Neil Denholm & the High Commissioner of Ceylon, Mr. R. S. S. Gunewardene*



Photographs:
Desmond O'Neill

The Nepalese Ambassador gives a party

Dame Anne Bryans and Dr. J. N. Giri



Mme. Mohsen Rais, the Iranian Ambassador's wife



A PARTY "to celebrate the departure of the snow" was how the Nepalese Ambassador and Shrimati Upadhyay jokingly described the reception they gave at the Royal Nepalese Embassy. This is their first winter in England, and though at home they live almost in the shadow of Mount Everest they've never felt the slip of slush before. "It's quite a new—and chilly—experience for us," said the hostess. She, incidentally, must be one of the most charming exponents of diplomatic do-it-yourself. "Try one of these," she invited, holding out a plate of *goli kebabs*, a Nepalese speciality she had made herself; surely her graceful pink sari had come from Katmandu? "No, I made it from material bought here in London. I make nearly all my own saris, it's so easy," she explained. Her husband won't be joining the ranks of ambassadorial guns during his tour of duty here. "We don't like killing animals," he emphasized. And meat never features on their personal menu—they are strict vegetarians. "Luckily I found that out before they dined with me," said Mrs. Neil Denholm. Tanned and radiant, she brought news from a sunnier clime. "I flew in from Tangier at three o'clock this morning," she told me, then launched into a fascinating account of a luncheon she had there with the Governor, Prince Moulay Youssef.



Rani Sridhar. Below: Mrs. S. S. Bajpai, wife of the former Indian Ambassador to Rome



Hafidi, who is a cousin of Princess Fatima, wife of the Moroccan Ambassador in London. "All of us, even the Royal Family, ate *kus-kus* in our fingers," she said. Helping his parents greet their guests was Prem Kumar Upadhyay, their 15-year-old schoolboy son home on holiday from Haileybury. I also saw Lady (Mortimer) Wheeler, Dame Anne Bryans, deputy chairman of the British Red Cross, and the Iranian Ambassador and Madame Rais. The Mayor of St. Marylebone, Alderman Peter Pettit, had strayed across the Kensington frontier *en route* for a dinner in Westminster. "I'm so busy these days I have to make time even to get a haircut," he said. Bemedalled and white-tied Lord Bosson looked in for a few minutes before hurrying on to two further engagements. Former Nepalese Ambassador General Shanker and the Rani Shanker were there re-visiting their old home. Miss Lyne Hanania and her sister Myr, daughters of the Jordanian Ambassador, came with their mother—their father was holidaying in Jordan. Busy girls, these sisters. Lyne works in a bank, Myr is studying to be an interior decorator. Pretty Indian student Miss Geetoo Advani was complimented on her unusual vividly checked sari by Oxford's polo captain, Mr. Robin Bajpai. "But I'll bet you can't dance the Twist in it," he commented.

E. C.

Jiving competition during the dance arranged to raise money for the five Feathers youth clubs



The Feathers Dance

Photographs:
Falcon



Christine Lees doing the Twist with David Topolski. The dance was organized by the Marquesa de Casa Maury



Left: Marcia Donnelly and Charles Carter

Right: Giles Ballantine demonstrated the Twist for Angela Atteridge





*Mr. Michael Robinson and
Miss Phylida Friend*



Photographs: Van Hallan

*Mr. John Hall, for whom the party was given, with his
mother and stepfather, Major & Mrs. James Friend*

SCENE CHANGE IN STAFFS

ELIZABETH CAMPION writes: Paris in Staffordshire. At midnight Mrs. James Friend, hostess at a coming-of-age ball for her son Mr. John Hall, waved her fairy godmother's wand (actually she wielded a step-ladder) and in 20 minutes transformed the elegant ballroom of her home, Charnes Hall, Eccleshall, into a Left Bank *boîte*. Giant murals of nostalgic Parisian scenes painted on hessian panels by one of the house party, Miss Charlotte Lloyd ("She's been hard at it in the nursery for the last two days," said Mrs. Friend), were hastily hung over the pale grey walls. Café tables gay with checked tablecloths were whisked into place, topped by flickering candles stuck in empty champagne bottles. Even the rhythm changed as Confrey Phillips and calypsos took over from Humphrey Lyttelton and the Twist. During the lightning transformation, the 300 guests crowded into the pink-draped supper marquee, where earlier they'd eaten a delicious *hot* chicken pilaf, for a cabaret by Jon Pertwee. Lt.-Col. Walter Bromley-Davenport, M.P., who's keen on amateur theatricals, was there, so were Sir Randle & Lady Baker Wilbraham. Round the walls were great banks of spring flowers from the Friends' greenhouses; vases of lilies, roses and gladioli had a longer journey. Miss Julia Chatterton, still dancing at 4 a.m., had collected them from Covent Garden at 4 a.m. the previous morning and brought them up with her by train. I'm told she does all the flowers at the Mansion House. Hunting pink glowed among the dinner jackets. That well-known gentleman rider Mr. William Tellwright was limbering up before going off to ride at Birmingham the following day. "We all hunt, but I think I shall be too busy clearing up tomorrow," said Mrs. Friend. A splendid innovation at this excellent party was the issuing of cloakroom tickets . . . for motor cars! No parking problems, no wet feet for those *sans* chauffeur. A squad of drivers, all kindly "lent" by friends and neighbours, were there to take one's car away on arrival at the front door—and to return it safely in the small hours. Other hostesses, please copy.

Miss Rosemary Larmuth and
Mr. Michael Villiers



Mrs. Michael Moseley, Lt.-Col. J. H. Palairat
and Mr. Michael Moseley



Mr. Godfrey Bostock with Mr. & Mrs.
J. S. Bourne



Left: Mrs. Friend helps to change the scene
halfway through the evening



Muriel Bowen is ill but will be resuming her weekly column shortly. As previously announced, her list of débutante dances and parties will appear in our 14 February issue. Due to the postal situation, the final date on which information for inclusion in the list can be accepted is 2 February.

Miss Claire Curran and Brigadier C. Goulburn



Racing at Sandown Park

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presented the Mildmay Memorial Trophy to Mr. John Tilling, owner of the winning Duke of York. The rider, Mr. Derrick Scott (*below*), received a replica of the award



Right: Major-General Sir Randle Feilden was a steward of the meeting



Mrs. John Tilling, wife of the owner of Duke of York, in the unsaddling enclosure



Lord & Lady Denham



Photographs: Van Hallan



At home with history



Mary Lady Trevelyan lives at Wallington, Northumberland. The house was built in 1688 and came under the management of the National Trust on the death of Sir Charles in 1958. In a home filled with treasures, Lady Trevelyan, now 80, probably prizes most the tapestry above on which she worked for 20 years (*see overleaf*)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IDA KAR

The tapestry depicts the legend of the first Trevelyan who is said to have swum his horse from St. Michael's Mount to the mainland of Cornwall, and is a talking point among visitors to the house. The four shields are those of families connected with Wallington. The Trevelyans came on the Northumberland scene in 1777 when Sir Charles Blackett, inheritor of Wallington, died childless. The Trevelyans have been a tenacious race; 12 generations followed in unbroken succession of father and son from the reign of Henry the Sixth to that of Queen Victoria. Lady Trevelyan's parents were Sir Hugh & Lady Bell, and her half-sister was Gertrude Bell the explorer. She herself has six children, 15 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She still lives and frequently entertains in the 43-roomed mansion, that contains some of the finest specimens of 18th-century decoration in the country. There are pictures by Burne-Jones, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Raphael; there are major collections of Delft ware, Italian majolica and Meissen figures. In front of the house are gargoyles from the gates of the City of London, brought to Wallington when the gates were demolished near the end of the 18th century. Lady Trevelyan takes an active interest in the garden, and has created part of it, though the grounds were originally planned by Capability Brown.



The grounds of Wallington are distinguished by a cupola clock tower (top), originally designed as a chapel, and a row of gargoyles (above) taken from one of the old London gates. In the central hall stands a statue by Woolner (below left) and in the library is Lucas Cranach's contemporary study of Martin Luther (below). The panels in the Tapestry Room (below right) were executed by Lady Calverley in the 18th century





Above, Mary Lady Trevelyan in the part of the garden she created herself. Above left, a marble bust of Pauline Lady Trevelyan stands near a collection of rocking horses in the Central Hall. In the dining-room are an easel portrait of Sir John Trevelyan (left), a fine collection of china brought as a marriage portion by his wife (below), and Gainsborough's portrait of Miss Susanna Trevelyan (below right)



A Guide to BROW-GAUGING

CONDUCTED BY MARK BENCE-JONES

AS class distinctions get broken down, BROW becomes more important. The great thing about dividing people up into highbrows, middlebrows and lowbrows is that it doesn't offend anybody. To do something lowbrow is not the same as doing something non-U. One is middlebrow or lowbrow and proud of it. In fact, highbrows are at a disadvantage in that they can go too far and become precious. On the other hand, they have the advantage of being able to lean over backwards, as it were, and like things which are definitely lowbrow. This does not make them any less highbrow. Writing on this subject more than 30 years ago, Maurice Baring was only able to make one generalization: that all dons were highbrows. Now, one couldn't even say that. One can only tell whether a person is highbrow, upper middlebrow, lower middlebrow or lowbrow by observing the kind of books he reads, the kind of food he eats, where he goes for his holidays, and so on. Let's take a look at some of the classifications.

BOOKS. Highbrow. Poetry: Donne, William Blake, Swinburne, Dylan Thomas. Fiction: Modern French and German novels in French and German. Proust, Disraeli (many times re-read). The Russian novels in English (to read them in Russian is precious). Elinor Glyn. Amanda Ros. Non-fiction: Works on aesthetics. Gems of Victoriana and Edwardiana such as Walburga Lady Paget's memoirs. Leans over backwards to re-read Agatha Christie, particularly when he is staying with friends who have taken a lot of trouble to put a nice little pile of highbrow books by his bedside. **Upper Middlebrow.** Poetry: W. H. Auden, Cecil Day-Lewis. Fiction: Lawrence Durrell, C. P. Snow, Iris Murdoch. All D. H. Lawrence except for Lady Chatterley. Non-fiction: biographies of the Pompadour or the Byron period. **Lower Middlebrow.** Poetry: Wordsworth, Tennyson. Fiction: historical novels. Non-fiction: autobiographies of generals of the last war. **Lowbrow.** Poetry: None. Fiction: Thrillers. Lady Chatterley (read for the first time in November, 1960). Non-fiction: The Stud Book, car instruction manuals.

DRINK. The **Highbrow** starts with a San Patricio in a very thin glass. Then, if it's a special occasion, he very carefully opens a bottle of Château Latour 1934, tastes it and says "I find this very disappointing" and means it. To say "I find this *très ordinaire*" is precious. At other times he has an inexpensive wine on tap, more often than not rosé. If he has a cheap claret, he calls it "red ink." Afterwards, he always

drinks brandy. Sometimes, he leans over backwards and drinks beer or Coca-Cola. The **Upper Middlebrow** has a very dry martini for apéritif, or else he has Campari or Pernod. Then he opens a bottle of Château Cantemerle 1953 and says "I think you will find this a very pleasant claret." Afterwards, he has Strega or Danziger Goldwasser. The **Lower Middlebrow** starts with gin and tonic, then has some unspecified wine which he calls "vino." The **Lowbrow** says "All I know about wine is that there is red wine and white wine and I drink whisky." Or else he drinks beer.

FOOD. Sir Harold Nicolson once described his favourite meal: plenty of caviare, a soufflé and Mont Blanc. This could be the favourite meal of any **Highbrow**. If the Highbrow can't get *cuisine classique*, he goes for the best plain English food with a green salad dressed with oil and vinegar which, if necessary, he mixes himself. Cheese: A Stilton into which he does *not* pour port. Leaning over backwards, he has really plebeian dishes like tripe, or fish & chips eaten off newspaper. To insist on the newspaper being the *News Of The World* is precious. **Upper Middlebrow.** Vichyssoise, escargots, pizza, paella, kebab. Cheese: *tome aux raisins*. The **Lower Middlebrow** starts with either smoked salmon or potted shrimps, then has a steak, then fruit salad. Cheese: a Stilton into which he pours a glass of port. The **Lowbrow**, if he is rich, has much the same meal as the Lower Middlebrow except that he starts with both smoked salmon *and* potted shrimps, eaten together; and his steak will be the much larger sort known as a T-bone. If he is poor, he will have tomato soup followed by fish & chips eaten off a plate. Cheese: processed.

FURNITURE. Highbrow. Victoriana. 18th-century Baroque and French ormolu. Contemporary furniture, designed by someone special. A harpsichord which is actually played. **Upper Middlebrow.** Chipendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, either genuine or reproduction. **Lower Middlebrow.** Carved oak. **Lowbrow.** Contemporary furniture not designed by someone special. Antiques used for a different purpose than that for which they were made, such as a harpsichord gutted to make a cocktail cabinet.

HOUSES. Highbrow. Georgian with some special feature, such as a grotto or an Angelica Kauffmann ceiling. Strawberry Hill Gothic or something really Victorian with original painted tiles and William Morris wallpapers. Something entirely modern.

CONTINUED OPPOSITE

Upper Middlebrow. Something vaguely Georgian or Queen Anne. **Lower Middlebrow.** Something vaguely Tudor. **Lowbrow.** What is known as "Tooder"—half-timbered and built in the 1930s.

MUSIC & RECORDS. **Highbrow.** Monteverdi, Couperin and all early composers up to and including Bach. Stravinsky, Bloch, Prokofiev and other 20th-century composers. Leans over backwards to like folk songs (preferably bawdy and in other languages than English) and jazz (mainly traditional) of which he has a good stock of records. It is precious to insist on playing traditional jazz on scratched 78 r.p.m. records of 1912 vintage. It is also precious to pretend to like *musique concrète*. **Upper Middlebrow.** Mozart, Beethoven and the other Great Masters. Grand Opera. Flamenco records which one has brought back from Spain oneself. **Lower Middlebrow.** "Popular Classics" like the Brahms Hungarian Dances, Elgar, Gilbert & Sullivan, *Merrie England*. **Lowbrow.** Pops and jazz. Does not attempt to listen to traditional jazz on 1912 records; if he did, they would soon be broken.

PICTURES. **Highbrow.** Original modern paintings, according to one's purse; usually abstract. Original drawings by 19th-century English artists such as Augustus Egg. **Upper Middlebrow.** Original modern paintings, usually Southern landscapes. Eighteenth- and early 19th-century prints, in particular architectural views and flower pictures. **Lower Middlebrow.** Reproductions of the Great Masters. **Lowbrow.** Reproductions of modern hunting scenes or of pictures of wild geese flying north.

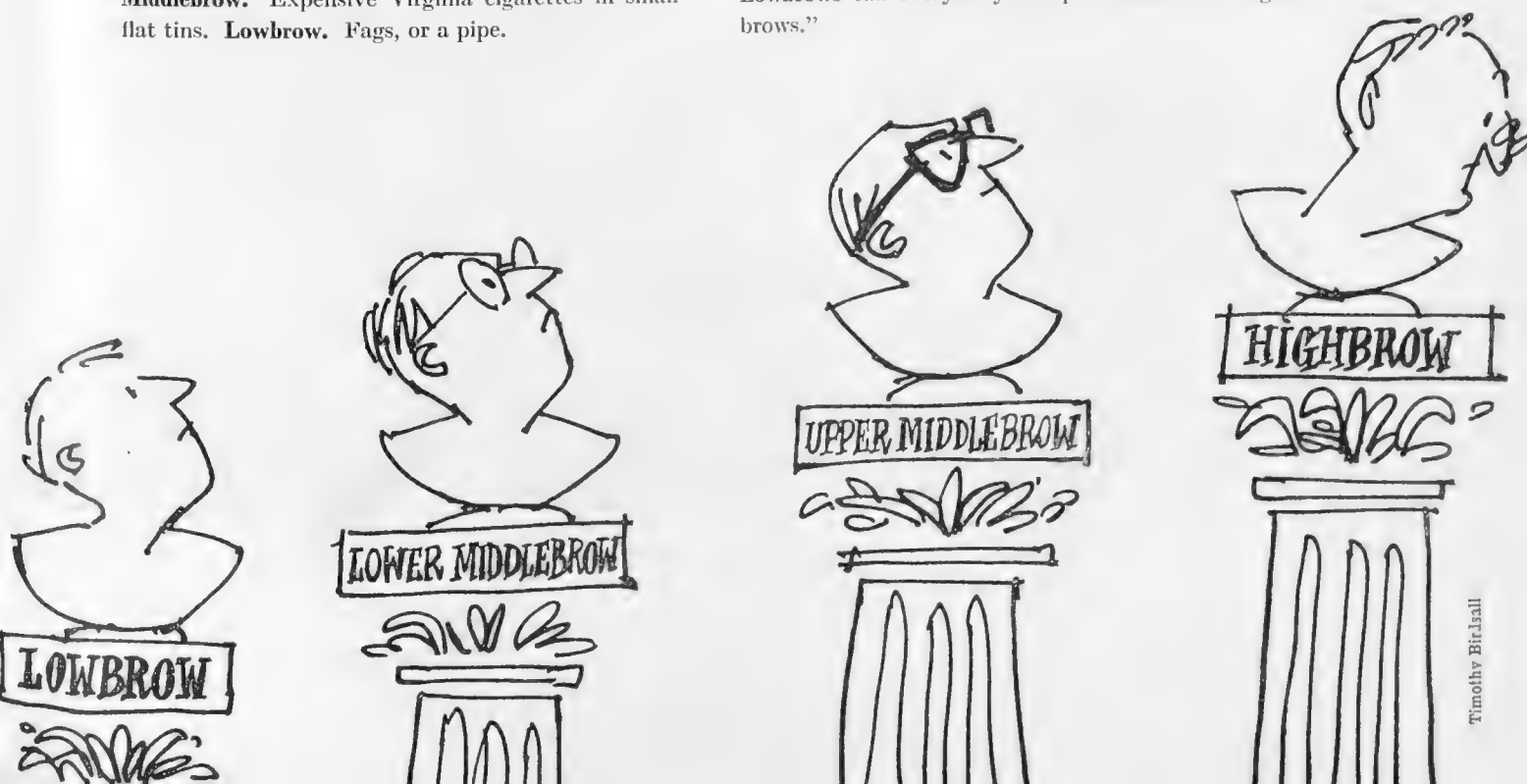
SCULPTURE. **Highbrow.** African and Polynesian sculpture. Chaste female statuettes in white imitation marble of the Great Exhibition period. **Upper Middlebrow.** Epstein. 18th-century busts. A bust of one's daughter. **Lower Middlebrow.** A statuette of one's favourite horse. **Lowbrow.** A large realistic female nude figure on which one's friends hang their hats and coats.

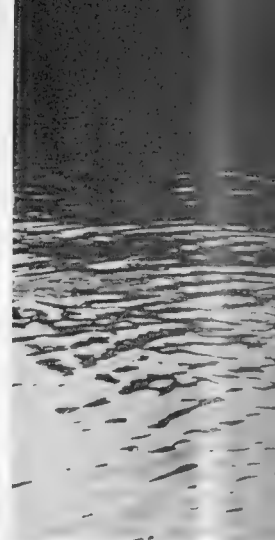
SMOKES. **Highbrow.** None, except for an occasional cigar after dinner. **Upper Middlebrow.** Turkish, Egyptian, Russian or Greek cigarettes. **Lower Middlebrow.** Expensive Virginia cigarettes in small flat tins. **Lowbrow.** Fags, or a pipe.

THEATRE. **Highbrow.** Ibsen, *Godot*, *The Caretaker*. Plays by any 16th-century English dramatist except Shakespeare. Leans over backwards to go to the Crazy Gang. **Upper Middlebrow.** Shakespeare and kitchen sink. **Lower Middlebrow.** Drawing-room comedy and *My Fair Lady*. **Lowbrow.** The Crazy Gang, *The Mousetrap*, the Windmill.

WIRELESS & TELEVISION. The **Highbrow** has none, though it is precious to boast of the fact. The **Upper Middlebrow** has a small wireless in his bathroom, on which he listens to the Third Programme. The **Lower Middlebrow** has a wireless in his bedroom and a television in the sitting-room which is only turned on to watch classic races and which he calls "The Telly" or "The Vision" or "The Goggle Box," pronouncing it in Cockney to show that he doesn't really take it seriously. The **Lowbrow** has a large wireless and a large television in his sitting-room. Both are always on and he calls the television "The TV" which invests it with all the seriousness and mystery of modern science.

WORDS. The use of the word "kinema" instead of cinema by **Highbrows** is precious unless you are over 70. This has already been dealt with by Miss Mitford. **Highbrows** and **Upper Middlebrows** spell Habsburg with a b; **Lower Middlebrows** spell it Hapsburg; **Lowbrows** don't have any occasion to use the word (the only Habsburg I know is a **Highbrow**). **Highbrows** talk about "The V & A"; **Middlebrows** call it "The Victoria & Albert"; **Lowbrows** call it "The Victoria & Albert Museum." **Highbrows** tend to pronounce words of French origin, which are nothing to do with culture, like garage or gaga, as though they are speaking French; whereas they make words that *are* to do with culture sound as English as possible. Thus they often say "Renaissance" instead of Renaissance. **Lowbrows**, when in doubt, pronounce any word to do with culture in a foreign way, regarding culture as a foreign thing anyhow. **Highbrows** never talk about anybody or anything being "Highbrow." **Upper Middlebrows** sometimes use the word "Highbrow" with regard to themselves. **Lower Middlebrows** use the word "Lowbrow" with regard to themselves. **Lowbrows** call everybody except themselves "Highbrows."





When six women undergraduates tried to get into the exclusively male Union during a debate, only three got by the stewards and members—and one of them fainted in the ensuing uproar. Headline-hitting incidents like this, and the fact that there are 16 men to every woman at the university, give the impression that at Cambridge girls are an oppressed minority. But the women do indulge in a striking number of extra-mural activities, ranging from canoeing to campanology (see above) that are also shared by men. “It’s great being a girl at Cambridge,” one student says; some even enjoy “being taken for granted” and there is, after all, one group that is exclusively female—a car-washing club at Girton College



EXTRA MURAL CAMBRIDGE

WORDS BY NICOLETTE HOPKINSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTI DEUTSCH



Mary Howell (left, with the marksmen) is a third-year History student at Girton. Described as one of Girton's most ardent feminists, she finds university life has almost too much to offer. "Cambridge is sometimes a dream where there is everything waiting to be done; sometimes like a nightmare when there is too much." Pistol-shooting is only one of many activities for her. "I grasp at everything Cambridge offers with both hands. One day when I am 80, I shall look back across countless years of exaggeration, and tell how I shot pistols, and rode horses, and wrote stories, long ago!"

Mary Staliard-Penoyre (picture right) is in her third year at Girton, reading History. Has other, less robust, pastimes besides beagling. "My favourite thing in Cambridge is sitting in the organ loft of King's Chapel for Evensong. My second favourite occupation is chatting for hours over cups of tea and coffee in the Whim." Her friend Elizabeth Cuthbert, also reading History at Girton, says that "On the whole it's great to be a girl at Cambridge—interesting work, perfect surroundings and literally hundreds of clever and attractive people to meet. Sometimes it's a bore to be 'taken for granted' by undergraduates (as one inevitably is) but even that can be amusing." For her, one of the delights of Cambridge is a room of her own, to decorate, to entertain in, and for hibernating "when one is fed up and it's cold outside"





Greenagh Lodge (above left) is in her second year at Newnham, reading Archaeology and Anthropology. She plays the piano "for private pleasure rather than public audience." Is still deeply concerned with Cambridge, and hasn't thought much yet of life after she goes down, but has visions of "vacillating between the British Museum and tropical Africa." It is the leisurely side of Cambridge that appeals to her: "I have been accused of being a reactionary as I do not wish to storm the Union." Her friend Caroline Lipscombe is in her second year of Modern Languages at Newnham. She recently toured France and Switzerland with the Experimental Theatre Group, doing their publicity. Is interested in Medieval French, likes making clothes and quince jelly



Nirmala de Mel (left) is a third-year student, reading Anthropology at Girton. She regrets enormously all the things she hasn't had time for: "It offers so many challenges I just haven't accepted; so many interesting events I'd have loved to have gone to—except that until now, our 'dowager year,' I've always felt that I was part of Cambridge's eternity—bound to go on, as she will." Three years away from home have cured her, she says, of "excessive Anglophilia—and excessive nationalism"



Jill Boulind (right) a second-year law student at New Hall who battled her way into a Union debate then fainted, writes political articles for undergraduate newspapers, is seen here preparing lettering for a magazine layout



Clare Webster (second in the picture left) has a passion for campanology and attends bellringing sessions on most evenings at Great St. Mary's with her friend, research student Hilary Muirhead. Their mentor (left) is local veteran Mr. Reggie Dennis



Diana Steward (left in the car-washing group) is reading English in her second year at Girton. "When I took over the Refugee Committee, it struck me that Girton car-washing may be the only activity which could be shared by men, and is in fact run only for and by women. The money earned is all collected to support Girton's own particular charity, a Polish refugee family, a mother unable to work, with three young children. This object apart, Julia O'Donovan, Elisabeth Sherwood, Vera Dearle and I enjoy the opportunity to do something purely manual yet satisfying, since dons, here as elsewhere, only praise and reward good work"



Caroline West (right) is in her second year at Girton reading English. "Besides life drawing two hours a week, I make quick records of things I see—mostly from life, sometimes from memory. I don't do this for the sake of the small pen and ink or pastel sketches that result, but because it helps my seeing (as writing an appreciation of a poem helps my reading of it); I become aware, as I draw, of things I would otherwise have been blind to. Once every three weeks or so I work on a poem, usually in one or more five-hour stretches at high pressure, followed by a day or two of reworking. (There are almost more editors than poets in Cambridge, and so publication is easy)"



Susan Andrews (above) is in her second year at Newnham, reading Classics. Recently she produced the reading of Osborne's television play "A Subject Of Scandal And Concern" for the Mummings, and appeared in Sartre's "Nekrassov" with the A.D.C. She believes in "the value of English studies and the need for actors to be literate, receptive and not insulated, for the theatre's sake and theirs!" Left: Jill Corner, also in her second year at Newnham, is reading Modern Languages. She, too, is active with the Mummings who produce plays without décor two or three times a term

Helen Tolson is in her second year at Girton, reading English. "After attempting to impress my supervisors for a year, I have come to the conclusion that the thinking-talking part of Cambridge is fully as valuable as so many hours spent in the university library. We are all good talkers; perhaps not such good listeners, but it is now that we are forming our opinions"



Lord Kilbracken

By numbers from 1283

IT WAS ONLY AS RECENTLY AS A.D. 1909 THAT THE Kilbracken peerage was created (by Edward VII on the advice of Mr. Asquith) and I have therefore always considered myself as something of a *parvenu* in the intricate pattern of precedence. And so indeed I am, in comparison with such as Lord Mowbray, whose barony was created in 1283, or Lord Hastings (1289), or even Lord Fitzwalter (1295). So it was a pleasant surprise to discover the other day that there are already no fewer than 327 peers who are junior to myself. That is the number of extant baronies which have been created since my grandfather's.

I acquired this information easily, without tiresome counting or advanced mathematics, from an illuminating document, the Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, which is annually published (at half-a-crown) by Her Majesty's Stationery Office, but which I'd never before seen till it came into my hands last week. There are, I found, 924 noble names on the Roll, which lists those who are entitled (unless minors, felons, bankrupts or aliens) to a seat in the House of Lords, in exact order of precedence and numbered accordingly. But there are six rather confusing double entries—Viscount Hailsham, for example, is listed as Viscount Hailsham at Number 257, and at Number 8 as Lord President of the Council—so in fact only 918 separate individuals are involved. And the plethora of new titles over the last half-century has hoisted me, I find, a third of the way up the Roll. I am Number 597.

Not by any means all of these are entitled to sit and vote. A disapproving asterisk is appended to those peers who "are not in receipt of a Writ of Summons"; of these there are 69. A Writ of Summons (to the House) is issued to any noble lord on the Roll who asks for one, unless he is a minor, bankrupt, *etc.*; there are at present eight minors, and none, as far as I know, who is bankrupt, or alien, or felonious, so it has to be inferred that no fewer than 61 feel a total indifference, and have *always* felt a total indifference, to their lordly obligations. This constitutes 6½ per cent of the whole total, and I think only Viscount Stansgate has any real excuse.

A further 214, I have ascertained elsewhere, got as far as taking their seats, but have since debarred themselves from occupying them by applying for leave of absence under the Standing Order on Sitting (which sounds like something out of *Alice* and which I've mentioned here previously). Subtracting also the five "royals," we are left with 630—including 16 Scottish representative peers and nine Lords of Appeal in Ordinary—with the right of sitting and voting. (There have been no Irish representative peers since the death a year ago of the 4th Earl of Kilmorey, the last survivor, and there now never will be.)

About 250 of these, incidentally, are peers of the first creation, including 35 life peers, and few of these, it may be safely assumed, are among the 214

who have leave of absence, though there *are* exceptions (*e.g.*, Lord Beaverbrook). It therefore follows that little more than half of these 630 "eligible" peers owe their position to the workings of primogeniture; and the year cannot be far distant, if the present trend continues, before the House of Lords ceases, for the first time in its history, to be predominantly hereditary. Indeed there are many days already when a majority of those actually present in the House are there through their own merit.

It is to be devoutly hoped that there will never be an occasion when all 630 of us turn up simultaneously—the Chamber would be uncomfortably overpopulated with only half that number. The record at a division in recent decades is 333, so the risk is perhaps small. It requires only *three* peers to constitute a quorum, and the attendance is not infrequently in single figures.

The Roll of the Lords starts off with the Prince of Wales, who happens to be disqualified because he's a royal minor. After him come the royal Dukes of Gloucester (2), Windsor (3) and Kent (4); it is surprising to discover that Prince Philip, though top of the list at social occasions, is here given no special precedence, but appears way down the Roll, at Number 32, as the most newly-created duke. As for Prince Andrew, he's omitted altogether because he isn't yet a peer.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is Number 5 and Viscount Kilmuir, as Lord High Chancellor, comes sixth. (As Viscount Kilmuir he's Number 299.) Seventh is the Archbishop of York, followed by Viscount Hailsham as Lord President. The next of the dukes fill the next 24 places, Numbers 9 to 32, in order of creation from Norfolk (1483) by way of such as Beaufort (1682) and Northumberland (1766) to Edinburgh (1947). Then come the 26 holders of marquessates, led by the 99-year-old Marquess of Winchester (1551).

The Earl of Scarbrough, being Lord Chamberlain of the Household, is promoted to the top of the earls at Number 59, ahead of the actual premier earl, who is Lord Shrewsbury (1442). Earls, in sum, total 143 including eight elected for Scotland, with Lord Snowdon inescapably at the bottom of the class. He is Number 202, between Avon (1961) and the premier viscount, Lord Hereford (1550). The viscounts run from 203 to 313, the bishops from 314 to 337, and it's barons from then on. And among them I find myself, sandwiched between Lord Fisher and Lord Hardinge of Penshurst:

597 JOHN Lord KILBRACKEN

A *parvenu* peer, perhaps. But at least there are 327 who are even more *parvenu*, including, for instance, Lord Morrison at 894, Lord Beaverbrook at 622, Lord Boothby at 878, Lord Beveridge at 781, and my own leader, Lord Rea, at 717. Famous names, yes. But to me they're the merest upstarts!



Spinning comet pin in
whirligig diamonds from
Michael Gosschalk: £1,075

COUNTER SPY

STAR STRUCK

STARRED BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

★★★★★



Starbeam antique diamond
brooch from Collingwood: £700

Spangled diamond star flower
ear-ring from Michael
Gosschalk: £485 the pair



★ Starlit diamond pin from Wartski: £2,300,
standing on a gold starred white ormolu
lamp (minus shade) from Halcyon Days: £21
★★ Shining gilt star on a bar pin from Paris
House: 75s. Starfish brooch with a pearly
centre from Presents: £4 10s. Star-engraved
gilt cigarette case and lighter from Presents:
45s. and 42s.
★★★ Sparkling hand-cut crystal whisky glass
with a star cut in the base from Halcyon Days:
£8 12s. 6d. for six. Denis Mounié 3-star
cognac, gold leaf: £2 8s. 4d. Trio of brass
stars beside it are from Beardmores: 3s. 4d.
each, to strew on pine country furniture.
★★★★ Stunning crystal dish, mounted on gilt,
from Halcyon Days: £3 17s. 6d. Starfish
paperweight embedded in green from
Presents: £2 12s. 6d. Luminous star pin in
yellow and pearl from Paris House: £6 16s. 6d.
★★★★★ Starry handprinted Conran cotton
Arabella, pretty in blues from Woollands:
★★★★★ Stargazer telescope for a star-struck
amateur from Harrods: 18 gns. for the
Astronom by Enuro-Optik, Germany.
Glinting starburst in gilt from Paris House:
4 gns.

★★★

★★★★★

How to dazzle for après-ski, how to dress for the idle life, how to spend money on leisurely fashion. Elizabeth Dickson sorts out the form for lounge lizards, John Donaldson photographs

TIME-OFF '62



What's the new allure for stay-at-home vamps? Romantic chiffon shirt and slinky shadow tweed skirt. Both to order at Young Idea; pearl drop ear-rings and lavish jewel clip, Harold Atlas



What's gone gold and quilted all over? (Mink-trimmed, too.) A trenchcoat worn over chestnut velvet pants. Coat and pants, 61 Shop. Gleaming pumps, Charles Jourdan. Pin, Harold Atlas



What's relaxed to wear for a vigil by the telephone? Plaid hipster pants topped in sleeveless navy wool. 17 gns. together at Bazaar; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; David Morgan, Cardiff. Chain glitter, Marshall & Snelgrove. Tasseled cushions, Marco Polo Shop



What to wear when it's a party for one? Stay-at-home kit: matador silk shirt, scarlet wool cummerbund, olive velvet trews. By Oriane of Capri. Fashions and cushions from Liberty



What's the glamour quota for the jet set? Highest when dressed in gold jerkin and golden sneakers with black. Clothes at Harrods; sneakers at Charles Jourdan, 9½ gns. Gilt bangles, Marshall & Snelgrove



What sulks at home but still looks beautiful? Parma velvet mandarin jacket by Falconetto over purple satin pants, Liberty. Magenta pumps braided in gold, Russell & Bromley



What was tradition in the East but makes hot news in the West? Oriental
hostess suit in sapphire wild silk; 50 gns. at Harvey Nichols



What's the most amusing way to wear new furs? As a winter vest, edged in leather. Worn with a tan silk shirt and velvet pants for après-ski. Fur 10 gns; shirt to order 8 gns., both at Young Idea



YES?

ERDICTS

PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

Twelfth Night. Old Vic. (Eileen Atkins, Jane Downs, Paul Daneman, Stephen Moore, David Bird.)

Heavy breathing at the Old Vic

MR. CLARENCE GRAHAM IS A SHAKESPEARIAN DIRECTOR WHO DOUBTS reasonably whether the autumn touch in the summer gaiety of *Twelfth Night* is quite as inescapable as in recent years we have got into the habit of pretending. We all know that it was in Illyria that Shakespeare, with a sad little song about the wind and the rain, made his farewell to comedy for many years. It is still possible to make too much of this biographical fact. I can recall a production in which Mr. Robert Addison was given leave to turn Feste into an heroic figure as a jester whose professional powers were sadly failing and whose heart was breaking for love of the lady Olivia.

This was generally recognized as a preposterous fantastication of values yet it made its mark. Most of the Festes since have been melancholy fellows touched to the quick by any random suggestion that even a jesting must grow old. And the tendency of directors has been to concentrate on the silver undertones that ravishing poetry and witty prose cannot but sound when they are marvellously blended with revelry and romance. We have been led into forgetting that despite the silver undertones which are undoubtedly there, no other of Shakespeare's "golden" comedies excels *Twelfth Night* in sheer lightness of touch. Mr. Graham, as I understand his intentions, would like to see a return to the time when the piece was presented quite simply as a Maytime frolic with all the young lovers seasonably and madly in love with love.

It would be no bad thing if he were able to put his good intentions into effect, but so far they have been dogged by bad luck. He tried them out at the Old Vic last April, but the acting—except for Miss Barbara Jefford's Viola and Mr. Alec McCowen's Malvolio—was always tripping them up. His production has been revived with an almost entirely new cast. Lamentably, the same thing has happened again. The truth is that the Old Vic at present is trying to do too much. No organization can afford to take on tours of Australia, the United States and the home provinces within a matter of months and still find it possible adequately to cast an ambitious production of *Twelfth Night* in the Waterloo Road.

The relatively inexperienced players are stiffened by Mr. Paul Daneman playing a good Puritanical little Malvolio, and they do their best, but it is a best that more or less inevitably falls far short of the director's designs. I am not even sure that Mr. Alix Stone's settings, that evoke the romantic festival world of Watteau and Marivaux, are exactly what those designs require. But at least they have a gay springtime look and the Frenchified 18th-century costumes that go with them are attractive enough. The real trouble is the acting, which is mostly pedestrian and does little or nothing with the poetry. Miss Eileen Atkins is clearly a talented young actress, but her talents seem better suited to Congreve or to Sheridan than to poetic comedy. She has a lovely, gradual smile which, when it arrives, carries a slightly

satirical meaning altogether foreign to the character of Viola. Into the perfumed chamber of Olivia's sentimentality, the bearer of Orsino's embassy should come like a breath of spring air, but Miss Atkins's smile seems to quiz affectation rather than to rebuke it. Miss Jane Downs is a colourless Olivia and Mr. Jerome Willis is much too matter-of-fact for such a thistledown amorist as Orsino.

I liked Mr. Daneman's Malvolio, for though he lacks the usual pompous airs and graces, he has the plain austerity of a puritan and the insolence of a jack-in-office and rises with a splendid revelation of inner folly to the needs of the latter scene. Mr. Emrys James plays Feste as a brisk professional jester who is in love with his trade and gently hurt by Malvolio's open scorn for the way he plies it. Mr. Stephen Moore's Aguecheek is funny and likeable, but Mr. David Bird has more gusto than intelligence as Sir Toby. Altogether, a sad miscarriage of the director's welcome attempt to rejuvenate the comedy. The task still needs to be done.

FILMS *Elspeth Grant*

La Notte. Director Michelangelo Antonioni. (Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti, Bernhard Wicki.)

Terminus. Documentary, director John Schlesinger.

Spike Milligan Meets Joe Brown; Spike Milligan On Treasure Island, W.C.2. Semi-documentaries, director Gerard Bryant.

My Geisha. Director Jack Cardiff. (Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand, Edward G. Robinson, Yoko Tani, Bob Cummings.)

Disenchantment is so dull

IT WOULD SEEM THAT AT THE MENTION OF SIGNOR MICHELANGELO Antonioni's name and work—he is the Italian director who made *L'Avventura*—one is expected reverently to bow the head. I would dearly love to conform but the fact is, his latest film, *La Notte*, has given me such a pain in the neck that the gesture is entirely beyond me. Signor Antonioni, who is clearly bewitched by disenchantment and a fiend for frustration, invites us to spend a couple of hours in the dismal company of a husband and wife who have lost any sexual interest they ever had in one another. To indicate the impasse at which they have arrived, the camera solemnly and repeatedly surveys a very blank blank wall: they are acutely bored—and so contagious is their mood that, within a very short space of time, so was I. The man, Signor Marcello Mastroianni, is a successful novelist, the woman, Mlle. Jeanne Moreau, is independently rich—financially they are solid, emotionally they are obsessively insecure. Together they visit a dying friend (beautifully played by the Swiss actor-director, Herr Bernhard Wicki) and the knowledge of his approaching death makes them more aware than ever of the emptiness of their lives.

Desperate, it would seem, for the reassurance of a sexual experience, Signor Mastroianni allows a nymphomaniac hospital-patient to drag him into her room and her bed—while Mlle. Moreau wanders the streets of Milan, wagging her hips invitingly at passing males. (A row of phallic pillars points her desire—the stretch of waste land on which she eventually finds herself suggests the dreariness of her frustration.) Re-united in the evening, each inwardly isolated in a private gloom, the couple drift from an unrewarding nightclub to the house of a millionaire industrialist who is throwing the sort of party in which Signor Antonioni specializes—the kind at which the idle rich make vapid conversation, a dance-band plays grimly in the grounds, futile games are invented, tipsy characters throw themselves into the swimming-pool, drunks are discovered sleeping on sofas and tarts weep gustily for no particular reason. The night drags on—and on. Signor Mastroianni is attracted to the millionaire's beautiful daughter, Signorina Monica Vitti, who unaccountably suffers from "the melancholy of a lost dog"—but nothing comes of his advances. Mlle. Moreau experiences a slight, glum yen for a Signor Giorgio Negro—but nothing comes of that, either. One begins to see why the tarts are crying: it's all so *dull*.



Connubial kiss in La Notte, which stars Marcello Mastroianni and Jeanne Moreau as a married couple desperately applying artificial respiration to their dead affections

Signor Antonioni uses symbolism and imagery with insight (and considerable insistence), his camerawork is wonderfully fluid and almost every individual shot is beautifully composed—and yet he has to resort to an entirely uncinematic device to end the film. Sitting in what looks like a bunker on a golf-course as dawn wanly breaks, Mlle. Moreau reads aloud to her husband a long, long love-letter that he once wrote to her—and it explains more about the couple's earlier relationship than anything we've seen on the screen. From the letter, unremembered by him, Signor Mastroianni distils the message that we only get out of life what we put into it; this may well be true—but at the end of two hours of sour-mouthed soul-searching and tentative teetering on the brink of profundity, it looks like a fairly simple, not to say hoary, old cliché to me.

I am rejoiced to find that there is still room in the cinema for the short film—one had depressingly concluded that "nothing but epics from now on" had become the slogan of the trade. As I have a weakness for the documentary and a passion for railway stations, I found *Terminus* (written and directed by Mr. John Schlesinger, produced by Mr. Edgar Anstey) completely enthralling. Here, for a joyous 30 minutes, is all the bustle of Waterloo Station—the real-life drama of arrivals and departures, lost property, lost children, lost trains—affectionately photographed and amiably presented. I enjoyed it enormously.

There is a distinctly acid flavour about *Spike Milligan Meets Joe Brown* (24 minutes) and *Spike Milligan On Treasure Island W.C.2* (23 minutes). In the former, the Arch-Goon somewhat liverishly examines the career of a successful teenaged pop singer: young Mr. Brown, an engaging Cockney, is, I am happy to say, blithely impervious to his interviewer's malice. In the second film Mr. Milligan turns a slightly jaundiced eye on Tin Pan Alley to see how a pop song is conceived, born and launched upon the wincing world: it's a rather unkind little piece, too—but devilish entertaining.

In *My Geisha*, M. Yves Montand, a Hollywood director and a fugitive from a film-star wife, Miss Shirley MacLaine, who habitually steals his thunder, arrives in Japan to film entirely on location a production of the opera, *Madam Butterfly*—a project, I would have thought, fraught with

every possibility of disaster. He is resolved to star a genuine geisha in the title role: for once his wife will have nothing at all to do with the success (if any) of a film directed by him. Miss MacLaine, too ambitious to consider her husband's pride, meanly follows him to Tokyo, takes six easy lessons in the geisha's delicate and complicated arts, disguises herself with contact lenses, a mountainous wig and the traditional chalk-faced make-up, is auditioned for the role of Butterfly—and gets it. No! Of course M. Montand hasn't the slightest idea that it's his wife he's dealing with—until his film is nearly finished.

The whole thing is quite preposterous: it is also a terrible waste of Miss MacLaine—whose insouciant and impish personality is here in temporary but total eclipse. All the same, the dialogue is pretty good, Mr. Edward G. Robinson gives a splendid performance as a two-faced agent, and the colour photography is gorgeous—as one might expect, with Mr. Jack Cardiff directing.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

Far Out, by Damon Knight. (Gollancz, 15s.)

A Place Like Home, by Thomas Hinde. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.)

Astronomy, by Patrick Moore. (Oldbourne Press, 35s.)

The Nose On My Face, by Laurence Payne. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

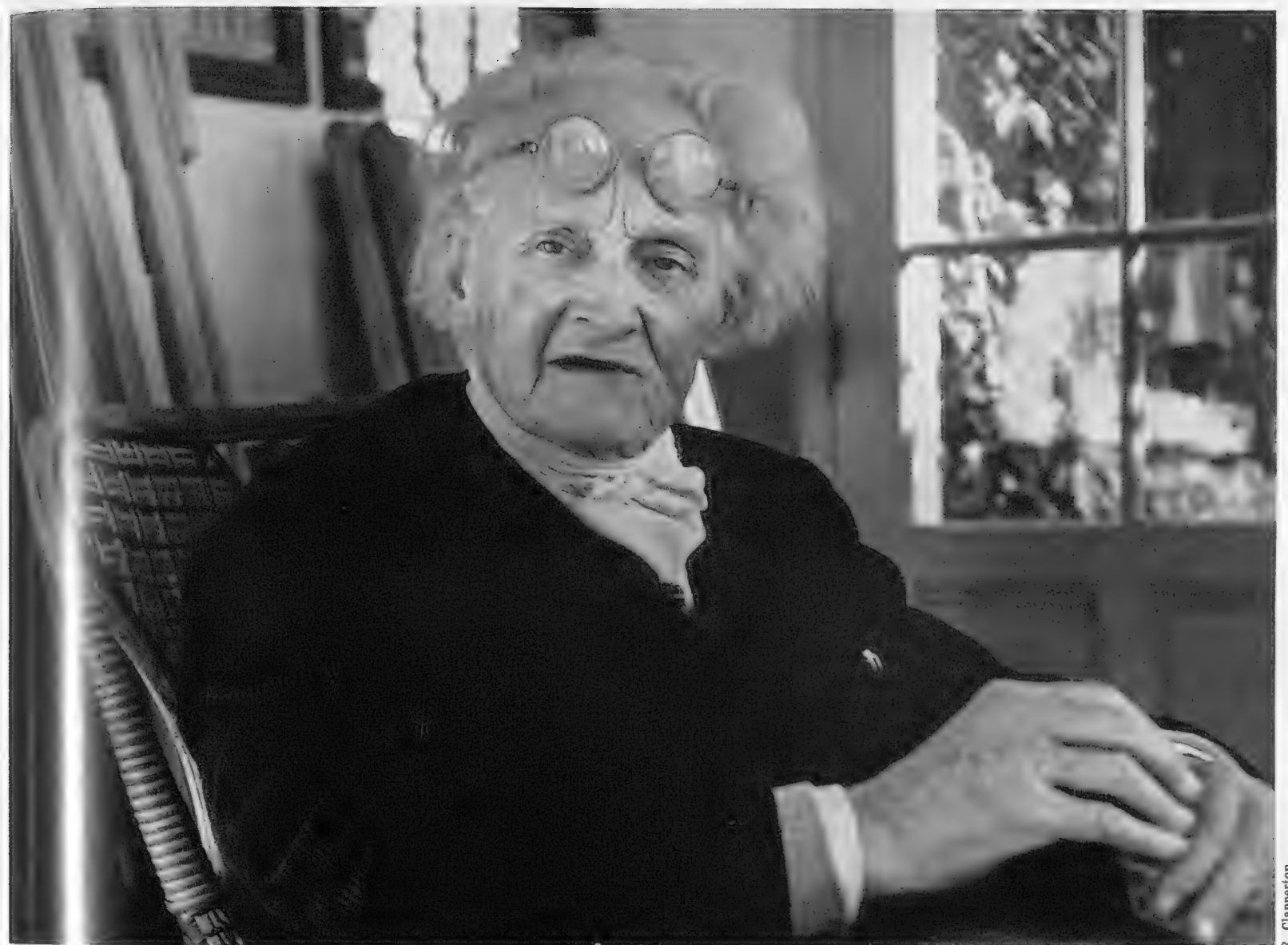
Stone Is Not Cold, by Sasek. (W. H. Allen, 7s. 6d.)

In orbit at last

AS A NEXT-TO-ABSOLUTE BEGINNER, I AM STILL FAINTLY INTIMIDATED by the whole idea of science-fiction (on which one was, in fact, brought up, in the short stories by H. G. Wells, but somehow they seemed much simpler and contained far fewer quadratic equations). It is therefore with the greatest happiness, and a clear sensation of having made progress this term, that I have to announce my unqualified enthusiasm for, and effortless understanding of, a collection of short SF stories called *Far Out* by Damon Knight. These stories seem to me brilliantly inventive, just alarming enough in a manner that is oddly convincing, probable enough heaven knows in ironic human terms, and sardonically funny in a brisk, sharp but sympathetic American tone of voice. Given the juggling with time and space (which even I can here follow) that belongs to SF, what one has in fact is a collection of shrewdly observed studies of contemporary urban American life, plus a few stories set among the planets for really keen *aficionados*. There is a pared-down little study in dialogue about an unhappy married couple waiting in quiet terror for the birth of an unborn genius who dictates long historical novels, not to mention advanced poetry, while still tucked away in the womb, which is both very funny and coolly savage.

I am very much for Mr. Knight, who has furthered my progress in SF so pleasantly and easily, and I am enormously grateful for the fact that there is only one sum, involving something inimical called Cartesian co-ordinates. The publishers are pleased to claim that the book is always literate—true enough, but would one in fact print it if not?—and the only thing that faintly bothered me in my happy dash through it was the absence of Mr. Kingsley Amis's usual imprimatur, without which I feel unguided in an alien and hostile world. We have a few well-chosen words from someone called the doyen of American SF reviewers, but honestly it's by no means so reassuring to the kindergarten class whose look-see reading is still not as fluent as it might be and who have learnt to trust the word of the Old Master.

I don't believe Thomas Hinde has ever written an unintelligent sentence, and his new novel, *A Place Like Home*, distils, as one expects, his own peculiar brew—a none too tough hero (this time working in Nairobi) confused by his own weaknesses and his basically good motives and urges to do the right thing: a climate of tragi-comedy, most delicately balanced, coloured by a rueful compassion and a crooked, gentle but still bitter wit; a satire stated very quietly but in effect as sharp as pins. No Hinde novel is ultimately very cheering to read, yet



R. Clapperton

each leaves one several degrees wiser and more perceptive about the conditions, the locales and the people he is concerned with. He's not a writer for the big dramatic effect, the splashy scene, and the pain that's there in each book is expressed in a still small voice, and it's none the less genuine and affecting for that.

Briefly . . . Betelgeux is reddish, Rigel slightly blue, Capella yellow and Arelurus orange. These facts, haunting, peculiar but at least perfectly simple, can be found in an inviting book called **Astronomy** by Patrick Moore, who manages to make astoundingly complicated processes into something not too far beyond one's reach. The book is very fully illustrated, and my favourite picture is of a Cambridge blue, perfect circle, labelled simply Neptune. There are also some taking pictures of 17th- and 18th-century characters peering enthusiastically through telescopes, and the intrusions of the human figure do much to reassure the nervous and wary. . . . Laurence Payne's **The Nose on My Face** is a rapid and neat thriller, a first book that is capable and confident and makes one wonder how long it will be before there is a whole new race of actor-writers all tapping away in their dressing-rooms. . . . Sasek is the author of those pretty, well-designed but to me somehow chilling books called *This is London/Paris/New York* and *Rome*. He has now produced a little book called **Stone Is Not Cold**, which I think is witty in a completely fresh and original way. The idea is not all that new—the combination of line drawing with photographs of classical sculpture, so that some very ancient Roman face is projected into a modern setting—but the treatment, and Sasek's wild eye, make this a tiny frivolous treasure. Here is Medusa, looking appalled, at the hair-dresser's, Julius Caesar thumbing a lift, and Caracalla, hurrah for the joke, frowning grumpily over the lip of his bath. Sasek is a genuine original and the book a small flawless delight.

Edward Gordon Craig, C.B., whose production of *Dido & Aeneas* in 1900 was the start of a revolution in theatrical design, recently celebrated his 90th birthday at his home in Vence, southern France, where one of his favourite recreations is playing Patience. The anniversary was celebrated with a party at the Mermaid Theatre, during which Mr. Craig was heard briefly on the telephone in reply to greetings

RECORDS *Gerald Lascelles*

World Of Trad, by Terry Lightfoot
The Nat Gonella Story
Big H, by Humphrey Lyttelton
Rosalie, by Alex Welsh
Big Ben Goes Trad
Night People, by Alex Welsh & Archie Semple
Sunshine, by Monty Sunshine
Introducing Ian, by Ian Wheeler

The world of trad

ANY MINORITY INTEREST, WHETHER IT BE REGARDED AS ART, SPORT, or eccentricity, deserves recognition. But as a critic I find it ironical that the particular aspect of jazz known as trad has become so popular in a plagiarized, if not bowdlerized, form that it has now become a national cult. The promoters are indulging in a rat race where the one cry is "More room at the top," since they have not enough top name bands in this particular sphere to fill the bills. I have taken my title from an album by Terry Lightfoot and his New Orleans Jazzmen (33SX1353). Mr. Lightfoot is quoted on the sleeve, referring to that jazz standard *Georgia camp meeting*, as saying "The kids really go for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 276

GAMINE GRECO—PULSATING PIAF:



Serge Berton



Singers whose names spell Paris to two generations. Above: Juliette Greco, voice of the Left Bank, of the smoke-laden clubs of St. Germain des Près, at home here with her Italian dachshund Katia. Opposite: Edith Piaf, flamboyant voice of the music halls, making her first public appearance after a recent spell in hospital. The occasion, a film première; her companion, Charles Dumont

TWO VOICES THAT MEAN PARIS



Lynx



VERDICTS *continued*

this one." That seems to be a good summing up of the whole trad situation today.

We must face the fact that this represents, in the American sense, a sick situation. There are small hopes of righting it, because this form of over-popularity, without sufficient bands of the calibre to support the demand for their wares, must invariably lead to a deterioration of the quality of music presented. A percentage of the fans attracted to trad may be far-sighted enough to see beyond the limited horizon which trad can offer. The fringe style, as expounded by a delightfully nostalgic **Nat Gonella Story** (33SX1380), traces Nat's career with his own spoken comments, some excellent trumpet playing, and a first-class band in support. He recalls the days with Lew Stone and with his own band, and reminds us that the sort of music he wants to play is not only based on the trad repertoire. There is nothing phoney about this performance, any more than there is about the new EP by Humphrey Lyttelton called **Big H** (SEG8130). This is a delightfully witty cross-section of jazz themes, with an especially good *Harry Looyah*, basically in the mainstream idiom.

Both these trumpeters have their roots in Armstrong's style and approach, whereas Alex Welsh seems to take after almost any of the white Chicago trumpeters of the 20s. His single **Rosalie** (45DB4727) is boisterous, and puts the band through its paces, but he and two more of his henchmen, trombonist Roy Crimmins and clarinetist Archie Semple, make a much better showing in the Columbia recording group, The Big Ben trad band, whose album **Big Ben Goes Trad** (SCX3400), is a rousing inspiration to all those who suffer from banjo-itis, that congenital complaint of so many trad fans. Big Ben's director, Norrie Paramor, also had the foresight to include tenor-man Danny Moss on this session. Danny, who has recently forsaken his lead-role in the Dankworth band, is now working with the Lyttelton band. A further sample of the Welsh brand of jazz, indicating his trend away from pure trad jazz, was released last autumn, but omitted from my reviews only by lack of space. This is **Night People** (33SX1349) featuring Semple's sensitive clarinet, Alex's crisp horn, and Fred Hunt's solid piano in a quartet session of great merit.

Clarinetists seem to be the first trad men to launch out on their own. Chris Barber's former hit-parade star, Monty Sunshine, delves into the past with an EP he calls **Sunshine** (SEG8127). Here the break from trad is even more pronounced in the multi-tape recording of *Creole love call* where Monty takes three clarinet parts, but reverts to rather stodgy convention for the rest of the tracks. His successor in the Barber band, Ian Wheeler, shows a strong melodic feeling in his EP, **Introducing Ian** (SEG8110), but leaves no doubt that his roots are deeply dug into the trad field.

The problem today remains for the musicians and fans alike to extract themselves from the mire of an unusual and unpredictable cult—possibly the early abandonment of the word "trad" may help!

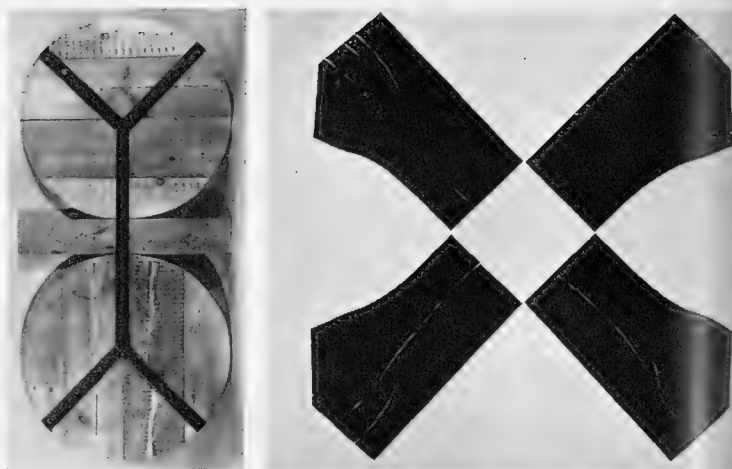
GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

Joe Tilson. New London Gallery.
Michael Fussell. Hanover Gallery.

What, indeed?

PASSERS-BY IN BOND STREET THIS MONTH HAVE BEEN AMUSED OR amazed by the appearance, in the window of No. 17, of what must have seemed to them to be the effort of some retarded child to make a design with a giant set of those nursery bricks that were in my day (and probably still are) called *Multum in parvo*. Those who dare to inquire what "the thing" is are informed that it is one of the latest creations of London artist Joe Tilson, newest hope of Marlborough Fine Art's New London stable, and that there are lots more of them to be seen in the gallery downstairs.

Now many strange and exciting exhibitions have been mounted in that gallery but I can remember none with an initial impact quite so



Two of Joe Tilson's "inventions" at the New London. Left: Wood relief *Cortez Meets Montezuma*. Right: *A reminiscence of World War One*, Baron von Richthofen, collage on a wood panel.

odd as this one. There is not only the visual impact of objects without any sort of precedent, even in the catholic world of today's art, there is also the impact upon the olfactory organs which, conditioned to the aroma of linseed oil and turpentine usually encountered in such surroundings, are suddenly assailed by the smell of newly-cut timber. In fact the show does include a few paintings and collages but it is the wooden "things"—Mr. Tilson calls them wood reliefs—that cause the initial bewilderment. What is the man who has just slipped in for a moment to make of a 6 ft. by 6 ft. section of two-inch thick fencing called *The Love Decoy*, for instance? What sensation should he experience when he finds himself face to face with two barrel tops fixed together with a double Y-shaped iron bar and titled *Cortez Meets Montezuma*?

Wouldn't he be justified in dismissing the whole thing as a legpull? The highbrow art critics, nearly all of whom have given the exhibition "rave" notices, think not. And the information, contained in the catalogue, that since he left the Royal College of Art six years ago the artist has won a Knapping Prize, a Rome Prize, a John Moores Exhibition Prize and a Gulbenkian Award, must make any visitor think twice before making his exit laughing. Initially Tilson's wood reliefs appear to have a totemic quality, but it is a superficial one. As several critics have pointed out they are conceived in a "painterly fashion," which is another way of saying that they are not sculptures. Even those that are free-standing are meant to be viewed from the front only. The face they present corresponds to a picture surface, but instead of tones, colours, shapes and textures made from paint we have them made with wood. Once having thrown overboard (as so many painters have done) the idea that the object of painting is to imitate things, it is logical enough that artists should turn to materials other than paint and make from them objects that do not imitate anything but are simply to be admired for themselves. ("We do not ask the meaning of a flower," Picasso has said.)

That Tilson chose wood as his material is hardly surprising—he was a carpenter's apprentice before turning artist. That he uses it more skilfully than an amateur is self-evident. That, as an anonymous writer in *The Times* put it, "the relationship into which they (the pieces of wood) are finally fixed is an harmonious one of co-operation like that which a boat-builder achieves when he first sets the rig of a new boat" may well be true. But that the results are works of art, I still have to be convinced.

There is far more art, I think, in Michael Fussell's "inventions" at the Hanover Gallery. To make an exhibition entirely of canvases covered with white Kleenex tissues dipped in white paint must sound like lunacy to anyone who has never seen a Fussell. But the remarkable skill and sensitivity with which he manipulates his wayward material endows each canvas with a distinctly individual identity, an identity which, as he shows in some instances, may be enhanced and intensified dramatically by the juxtaposition of a flat-painted canvas of some strong, clear colour.

Sign of the times 🌹 The un-English Rose who is basically rose-like but doesn't overdo her tendency to blue eyes and blonde hair with frilly hairstyles and baby blue. Her hair is straight and swingy, her make-up has authority and precision—more French than English really. Eyes are put on with assembly line efficiency; sham lashes are for real; elaborate and often pricey ways of making-up are at her unpolished but beautifully buffed fingertips (varnish, if any, is pale—sometimes platinum pearly in the sun).

Spotlighted on this page, Christiana Gilbert who works at being 🌹 un-English Rosy with elaborate eye make-up, glossy lips filled in with an un-beat pale rosy pink. She likes a light, spreadable foundation (uses Revlon's Touch & Glow in ivory which is near her own skin tone). Plus a darkish back-up for her hazy eyes (mixes turquoise near the eyebrows, deepening to navy). Nightly applications of Golden Eye ointment keep her eyes irritation-free (she swears it grows eyelashes, too) and she's a firm believer in Optrex lotion which she eye-baths on night and morning. After six: two darker than skin tone shadows merge into nothing on either side of the nose to slim it down.

🌹 In-English roses like to bathe their faces in the morning dew. For them: a new moisture mask, Fresh Beauty, which is mixed with cool water and speedily bathed on the face where it leaves it feeling as if it had been soaked with rain. Keep Fresh Beauty on for 10 minutes, smile to loosen and the whole thing peels off like a smooth rubber glove. Max Factor make it and it is part of their new range of skin care products which is designed to solve every beauty worry.

GOOD LOOKS

**LIMELIGHTS
THE
🌹 UN-ENGLISH
ROSE**

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPH: BARRY WARNER

DINING IN

Helen Burke

IN THESE DAYS OF DIETING WE TEND TO FORGO ALL THOSE WONDERFULLY good and traditional British puddings—full of calories and, probably, right for this climate—in favour of no-calory sweets and/or fresh fruit. This could be a pity if we happen to like old-fashioned puddings. The other day, when lunching in a far-away-from-London, almost wayside restaurant, I had to share a table with a man who, obviously, enjoyed his food. His sweet was roly-poly, a rich suet pudding dripping with syrup, with additional syrup in a jug to pour over it. As he finished it, I knew, somehow, that he would order a second helping—and he did! The fact that he was no longer young but still slender could have had some bearing on the two helpings. In any case, there was a man who had no fear of overweight.

I then recalled a French friend, one of the slimmest of gourmets, who, on a visit before the war, had an urge to taste a steak-&-kidney pudding and a jam or syrup roly-poly. We took him to a London restaurant where we knew that really good traditional English food was served. Sure enough, both the meat pudding (with oysters) and the roly-poly were on the bill of fare. Though it is hard to believe, he consumed both these dishes at the one meal and declared himself enchanted.

Just now, I can think of no more satisfying sweet dish than layered GINGER SYRUP PUDDING, especially for children, who need not have the least concern about their weight. Here is a lightish suet crust for it: Sift together 8 oz. of plain flour, a heaped teaspoon of baking-powder, a pinch of salt and 2 oz. of sugar. Mix into them 2 oz. of fine white breadcrumbs, 3 to 4 oz. of shredded or flaked suet and the grated rind of a small lemon. Add a beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough, easy to roll out.

Line a well-buttered pudding basin with less than half of this dough. After reserving enough for the top, divide the remainder into two portions and roll them out to fit the basin, having one round (the first to go in) slightly less in diameter than the other one. Place 1 to 2 tablespoons of golden syrup in the pastry-lined basin and sprinkle in a little ground ginger and lemon juice. Place the smaller round of pastry

Eminent Victorians

on top, with another tablespoon or so of syrup, more ground ginger and lemon juice on it. Cover with the second round of pastry and syrup, ginger and lemon juice as before. Finally, put on the "lid," dampen the edges and pinch them together. Tie on top a double thickness of grease-proof paper, stand in boiling water coming more than half way up the basin, put on the lid and boil for 2 hours. Turn out on to a deep-enough serving dish (just in case the pudding bursts).

I cannot think of anything more appealing to children—and gourmets—than this pudding, golden brown and crisp on the outside and bubbling with goodness within.

APPLE OR RHUBARB PUDDING, two other timely favourites, can be made with similar pastry. For the former, line a large enough, well-buttered basin with the pastry. Half fill it with sliced raw apples. Add Demerara sugar to taste and a tablespoon or so of water. A slice or two of quince, when available, or a little quince marmalade, can also be added. Cover with further sliced apples, piling them well up. Put on the "lid," damp the edges, pinch them together, cover and boil as before. In place of the quince, a few cloves or some thin slivers of lemon rind make a pleasant change, especially when the apples are no longer so fresh-tasting as they were earlier on.

At the moment, we have beautifully pink rhubarb. Use short slices of it instead of apples—again putting the sugar in the centre, because when sugar comes in contact with pastry it tends to make it heavy.

Perhaps you already know the delicious La Ville Crêpes Suzette which come to us in cans all the way from California? I would never have believed that any canned pancakes could be so good. They come complete with a generous brandy sauce, all ready to be heated through.

They are expensive. A can of eight, sufficient for four people, costs 17s. 6d. But they are well worth the cost for people who have little time for the rather long preparation that Crêpes Suzette require. I must say that they tempt me sorely, because there is always so much other last-minute work in the kitchen—and these crêpes are good enough to be claimed as one's own.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Rockingham revealed

I WONDER HOW MANY LONDONERS AND VISITORS FROM THE COUNTRY have been to Thomas Goode of South Audley Street, W.1, and, like me, wandered round in search of presents and replacements of china and glass, unaware of the veritable treasure trove of 18th and early 19th-century china and glass tucked away at the back of the showrooms. Just by chance I discovered this antique department only recently. Goodes, a private firm founded in 1827, pride themselves on their wide variety and choice of glass and porcelain and on their display, which, under one roof in natural light, is unequalled in Europe. Among this display were three pieces of china (*illustrated*) from a fine old Rockingham dessert set, *circa* 1820. A factory on the estate of the Marquess of Rockingham at Swinton, Yorkshire, produced earthenware and porcelain which came to be known by the name of the Marquess. In 1778 "Rockingham" ware was made, but it was not until some years after Messrs. Brameld took over the works that experiments were made in the manufacture of porcelain, and from about 1820 these experiments were proving successful. The works were subsidized by Earl Fitzwilliam and the right to use his crest as a mark for the china—a griffin passant—was obtained.

Rockingham is distinguishable from other English porcelains mainly in the decorative gilding, which sometimes included delicate lace patterns, the use of an almost violet *gros bleu* and a thick smooth green. "Royal" and "Manufacturer to the King" were two styles adopted by the factory following the execution of an order from William the Fourth for a large dessert service. Extravagantly patterned table ware and biscuit figures were made, as well as the famous toy cottages and houses

elaborately embellished with vegetation. However, despite its royal patronage and generous benefactor, the factory was not able to continue and in 1842 work ceased at Swinton. The 35-piece dessert set from which I have chosen a plate, shell-shaped dish and sucrier are richly decorated in the tradition of the Rockingham factory with fine hand gilding and cobalt blue. The design of each item is completed with hand painted scenes in panels, the number of panels varying according to the shape of the piece. The English countryside is the theme on which the artist based his paintings for the panels on this attractive old English porcelain.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Vicious circles

THE DRIVER IN FRONT OF ME, GOING INTO A ROUNDABOUT ON A TWIN track by-pass, signalled a left turn. I was going straight on, so I pulled over to the right. Halfway round, he suddenly flashed his right indicator and pulled sharply across to the right, forcing me to brake heavily. I pulled round behind him, after glancing in the mirror, but as I went past, well on the nearside, he swerved back again to the left and just missed hitting me amidships. When last seen he was waving his fist, sounding his horn and apparently in danger of apoplexy. Elderly and slow-witted, he was the type of driver who seems most prone to eccentric behaviour in roundabouts. He wanted to go straight ahead but changed course sharply three times, signalling a left turn, a right turn and (I suppose) another left turn, creating three separate settings for an accident in a few seconds. There should be a line in the Highway Code saying: If You Are Going Straight Ahead at a Roundabout Do Not Give Any Turn Signals.

The construction of roundabouts is a peculiarly British vice. Other countries, with more up-to-date ideas on road construction, are fast abandoning them. But round them here has grown up a set of conventions that seems to bring out the worst of the block-headed element in the British character. They are often sited just over slight rises at the end of fast stretches of road, or otherwise camouflaged in some other clever way which ensures that a proportion of drivers will arrive too fast and be unable to stop. After a few cars have made furrows in the grass of the central island someone has the bright idea of erecting some railings. These are duly knocked down, so gradually the size and strength of the obstacles is increased. It makes the damage and the injuries progressively worse, but no one seems interested to find out why the drivers are taken by surprise.

Among drivers there seems to be an idea that roundabouts are only meant to handle a single line of vehicles, so the traffic clogs up far sooner than it needs to; and there they sit, waiting to be told what to do next, with half the road capacity unused. A lot of people seem to take a perverse pride in the time they lose in traffic jams, just as they glory in the miseries of the British climate. The other evening I was stuck in just such a jam in a roundabout, heading a group of cars making for an exit. This was blocked by a single car, that only needed to move three feet forward to free the jam—and there was plenty of room to do so. But there the driver sat, placidly smoking and ignoring our entreaties. When we became more insistent he wound down the window, thrust out his owl-like face and treated us to a lecture on the virtues of patience.

To see how traffic can be kept fluid in a roundabout, take a look at the Place de l'Etoile in Paris during the evening rush hour. The French driver is of course a *débrouillard* who still retains a fair proportion of his natural initiative in the heaviest traffic and he has the benefit of a logical system of priority: *Priorité à Droite*. For years some of us have advocated the introduction of the same system here, with no success at all. It would help to cut down accidents through misunderstandings at crossroads and could even remove the need for some of the countless traffic lights that obstruct the free flow of traffic. Now at last a glimmer of understanding is dawning. For some weeks drivers entering the roundabout at Gants Hill on Eastern Avenue have been asked to give way to traffic coming from the right, and the Ministry of Transport reports "Since it started on October 24, the experiment is considered to have succeeded in reducing traffic congestion and delay . . . largely because of the co-operative response of drivers." A co-operative spirit was certainly needed, because the experiment was announced at the approaches by signs that looked like advertisements and bore no relationship to anything in the Highway Code or in the international code of road signs.

Now the experiment is to be continued. So at one point in this sceptered isle we have "*Priorité à Droite*." It looks as if the Ministry of Transport is being dragged, screaming, into the 20th century.



LAUNCHING TROJAN'S NEW BABY

Having fulfilled an initial £200,000 export order, Trojan are now launching their baby car on the home market. It is basically the Heinkel which was originally built in Germany and later in Eire. The British-built model, improved in many respects, has a 198-c.c. single-cylinder engine giving 10 horsepower, and a four-speed and reverse gearbox. The front door admits to seats for two adults and two small children. With a length of less than 9 feet, it will turn in a circle of only 24½ feet, so it is easy to park. The makers claim 95 m.p.g. and cruising up to 55 m.p.h. There are two versions, a three-wheeler and one with twin rear wheels. The three-wheeler qualifies for lower purchase tax, annual tax and insurance

Miss Ann Campling to Mr. Christopher Russell: *She* is the daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. D. B. Campling, of Syngate House, Stelling Minnis, Canterbury. *He* is the son of Sir Arthur Russell, Bt., & Lady Russell, of Swallowfield Park, Reading

Lenore



Miss Alison Chalmers Parry to Mr. Roger John Musker: *She* is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. S. Chalmers Parry, of Droxford, Hampshire. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Musker, of Lymm, Cheshire

Yevonde



Vandyk



Miss Hilary Virginia Rudd to Mr. Joseph Carby-Hall: *She* is the daughter of Dr. I. N. Rudd and the late Dr. Mary Rudd, of Westrow Road, Southampton. *He* is the son of Col. & Mrs. D. Carby-Hall, of Methoui Street, Nicosia, Cyprus



Jenkins—Anderson: Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Jenkins, of Tunbridge Wells, was married to Douglas Hardinge, son of Mr. Alasdair & Lady Flavia Anderson, of Edinburgh, at St. Michael's, S.W.1

Clive—Glyn: Lady Rosula Caroline Windsor Clive, daughter of the late Earl of Plymouth & of the Dowager Countess of Plymouth, was married to Dr. Alan Glyn, M.P., son of the late Mr. J. P. Glyn and of Mrs. Glyn, of Ovington Square, S.W.3, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. P. M. Horsfield and Miss A. C. Debenham

The engagement is announced between Peter Muir, son of Mr. H. T. Horsfield, of the Kings Arms Hotel, Campden, Gloucestershire, and of the late Mrs. Horsfield, and Anne Charlotte, daughter of Sir Piers Kenrick Debenham, Bt., and Lady Debenham, of Blackdown House, Brintspiddle, Dorset.

Mr. G. S. Jefferiss-Jones and Miss S. E. Cramer

The engagement is announced between Graham Swynfen, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jefferiss-Jones, of Thorny House, Clevedon, Somerset, and Sonia E. Cramer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cramer, of Copse Hill, Purley, Surrey.

Mr. P. S. Thring and Miss J. E. Duff

The engagement is announced between Peter Streatfeild, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thring, of Birkdale, Westfield Road, Beaconsfield, and Joanna Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Duff, of Monchy Breton, Woodland Rise, Sevenoaks.

Mr. M. J. D. A. Tripp and Miss A. R. Killik

The engagement is announced between Michael John Dermot Alker, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Tripp, of 33 Parkwood Avenue, Esher, Surrey, and Angela Russell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Killik, of Greenways, Oakfield Glade, Weybridge, Surrey.

Mr. M. W. Sykes and Miss J. R. Richardson

The engagement is announced between Michael Waterston, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sykes, of Rowantree, Oxtot, Cheshire, and Joy Rosemary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richardson, of Brimstage Hall, Cheshire.

Mr. P. R. White and Miss C. A. Pizzey

The engagement is announced between Peter Ronald, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. White, of 32 The Grove, Idle, Bradford, Yorkshire, and Caroline Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Pizzey, of 1 Godstone Road, Caterham, Surrey.

Mr. S. J. Packe-Drury-Lowe and Miss L. J. M. Wright

The engagement is announced between Simon Jasper, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Packe-Drury-Lowe and Mrs. Packe-Drury-Lowe, of Prestwold Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, and Laura Julietta Madocks, daughter of the late Captain L. A. H. Wright, Royal Navy, and Mrs. L. A. H. Wright, of Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

Mr. D. V. Child, R.M., and Miss P. A. Hughes

The engagement is announced between David Vernham, son of Mrs. E. W. Price and stepson of Mr. E. W. Price, of Cobham, Surrey, and Paddy Ann, younger daughter of the late Cdr. D. R. Hughes, R.N. (Retd.), and of Mrs. N. T. Hughes, of Highlands, Horrabridge, Devon.

Mr. B. H. Varrall and Miss H. M. Morgan

The engagement is announced between Brian Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Varrall, 175 Grove Lane, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire, and Hilary Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Morgan, 223 Wilmslow Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.

Mr. R. P. Nixon and Miss J. A. Till

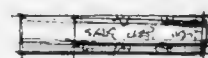
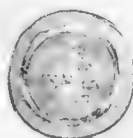
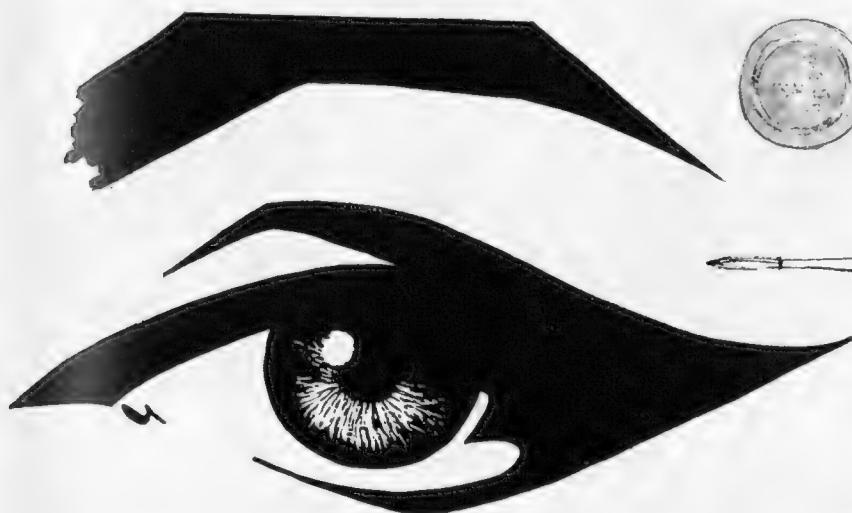
The engagement is announced between Robert Priestley, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Nixon, of Groveburn, Ilkley, Yorkshire, and Judith Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Till, of Nessfield Hall, near Ilkley, Yorkshire.

Mr. M. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes and Miss J. A. M. A. Lash

The engagement is announced between Mark Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Elm Farm House, Wangford, Beccles, Suffolk, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Hilltop Farm, Dronfield, Derbyshire, and Jennifer, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. H. A. Lash, Bridge End, Churt, Surrey.

Mr. J. R. D. Boswell and Miss T. A. Theodas

The engagement is announced between John Robert Douglas, son of Mr. John P. D. Boswell, of Auchinleck House, Auchinleck, Ayrshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Alan Mackay, of Enterkine, Annbank, Ayrshire, and Thérèse Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. G. Theodas, of Abbey Green, Doonfoot Road, Ayr, Scotland.



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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Tales of a tailor

IN 1876, HENRY POOLE, THE TAILOR, DIED OF AN APOPLECTIC FIT. IT is tempting to ascribe his apoplexy to the machinations in the same year of one Nikolaus Otto, who compressed gas and air in a cylinder and ignited them, causing... internal combustion. But of course Henry Poole probably wasn't aware of this development, and certainly couldn't know that his handsome premises at 37 Savile Row would be pulled down in 1962 to provide space for garages. This saddening demolition will provide only the doubtful pleasure of irony. For Henry Poole, though a keen horseman, had himself pulled down some stables at the back of his father's shop at 4 Old Burlington Street, to make way for No. 37. At that time Savile Row was occupied not by cutters of cloth. It was the street occupied by cutters of another material—the surgeons. They removed themselves in high dudgeon to Harley Street, where they have remained ever since, relatively immune from such invasions by "trade."

Henry's father, James Poole, founded the firm. When Bonaparte left Elba, James, owner of a draper's shop near Brunswick Square, joined the volunteers, tailoring his own tunic which his wife, Mary, stitched. An officer admired it, and by the year of Waterloo James Poole was so busy making uniforms that he set up as a military tailor. The year before, Henry Poole was born. In 1829 he joined the workers in the sewing room, graduated to the cutting rooms and in due course took down the chief fitter's instructions. He rode hard and straight to hounds, and even drove a mail phaeton in Hyde Park. He was a great sportsman in an age of great sportsmen, and his father, watching him mix on equal terms with all but the best of the *bon ton*, realized that Henry, dressed in Poole clothes, was a splendid advertisement. Henry seems to have enjoyed it all; it's on record that he found the company at a meet "A mixed lot, a very mixed lot," provoking a wit to reply: "Come, come, Pooley, we can't all be tailors."

Henry Poole inherited his father's business in 1846; in this peaceful era the military tailoring department moved to the back of the shop, while the front was the province of civilians, notably sportsmen. For a brief and shameful period in 1857, lady's riding habits were made. Then, in 1860, one of Henry Poole's coats worn by an actor attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales, and the final seal of Royal approval was set on Poole's tailoring. Disraeli, wearing court dress from Poole, presented Queen Victoria with the Suez Canal. Stanley greeted Dr. Livingstone in an early raincoat by Poole. Napoleon III sat on the French throne in a Poole uniform—bought on credit. When Henry Poole died, £10,000 in bad debts had to be written off. But under the general supervisor, Samuel Cundey, the firm survived and flourished again. The tradition of the Savile Row suit had been born, for where

Henry Poole went, the rest followed. Today, what is termed a Savile Row suit is probably made elsewhere. Only one of London's top tailors (out of the dozen who are members of the Men's Fashion Council) remains in Savile Row—Huntsman. Sackville Street, with four tailors. Dover Street, with three, Cork Street, with two, and Conduit Street and Hanover Square, with one each—these are the shrines of tailoring today. The new premises of Henry Poole are at 10 Cork Street, and the firm is directed by Howard and Samuel Cundey, descendants of the original general supervisor. It has been possible to retain only a little of the atmosphere of the handsome white stucco building in Savile Row; the high desk, the scales and weights book, the many Royal and Imperial warrants, the gas jets for lighting cigars, the tables, clock and candelabra—all these remain with the firm, but staff and customers alike share a nostalgia for No. 37.

The Poole tradition, however, is very much alive. There are 55 to 60 tailors working on the new premises, and when I asked Mr. Meade, the managing director, how he could recognize a Poole suit, he told me that it was possible by the look of good workmanship, as much as by the shape of a lapel, the set of a collar, or the shape of a shoulder. Many clients are Americans—Mr. Meade travels through the States for six months of a year. On the last visit he wore a sports jacket that was widely admired. It has a waist seam across the back; below this a flap, flanked by two side vents, and above the seam are five or six darts to throw a fullness into the back, with the same number of darts at the top of the back. Mr. Meade says it is the most comfortable of jackets to wear, but thinks it improbable that it will influence town clothes. Poole suits are generally more conservative; changes are sometimes too subtle for a customer to notice, until the new suit is compared with one bought 10 years before. Generally, suits (from £55 to £58 with tax) tend to be neater and more compact, made from lighter weight cloths, that demand much more care in tailoring. The best results come from cloths with a higher percentage of wool than fibre; mohair gives excellent results. If there is a trend to be remarked in colour, it is to the olive browns. Navy is not in demand, and neither are double-breasted suits.

The workmanship would not dismay Henry Poole himself, and the new façade would probably meet with his approval. Less imposing than No. 37—no massive, battered red & gold crown, but still the opaque glass windows, discreet as a family solicitor's, as ordained by the great man himself. This reticence may seem a little out of character; a young man playing billiards with Henry Poole complained that the suit he had had made did not fit well. Poole examined his men's handiwork, marked it vigorously with billiard chalk and instructed the man to present it for alteration the next time he was in Savile Row.

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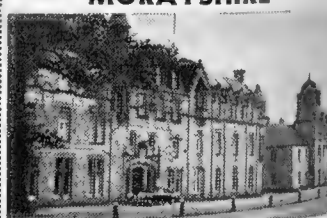
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